

THE
EXPRESS.

A Novel.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY
FRANCES D'AUBIGNE.

Invidia Siculi non invenere tyrami
Majus tormentum. JUVENAL.

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THE EXPRESS.

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## CHAPTER I.

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How well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When servants sweat for duty, not for meed !

SHAKESPEARE.

THE next day, I received a note from colonel Sandford, to announce the arrival of himself and family in Lisbon. This gave me sincere pleasure, and I hastened to wait upon them. They received me with great cordiality. The family consisted of Mrs. Sandford, whose kind and frank manners made me feel as if I was already acquainted with her ; Miss Sand-

ford, and a sister, who appeared a year or two younger—not near so handsome, but very pleasing, and strikingly like her father; a little girl of about five or six years old, very pretty, the darling of her whole family, and a good deal spoiled. They spoke much of my mother—a subject which, their own hearts told them, would be the most interesting to me. But, alas! my culpable feelings threw a cloud over what should have been a source of gratitude and delight.

When colonel Sandford told me my mother was well, and in tolerably good spirits, I certainly felt glad; but when Miss Sandford added—“And, indeed, it is in good measure owing to your friend that she is so,” I felt sorry; but when she continued—“For he really seems to study her wishes as much as you yourself could possibly do,” I felt angry.

“He is really quite devoted to her,” said colonel Sandford.

I pictured Raymond to myself, filling
my

my place: I almost regretted having left my home; I could scarcely speak, and my confusion was considerably increased by observing Miss Sandford's eyes fixed on me. It was evident Mrs. Sandford attributed my emotion to the tenderest recollections. How gladly did I seize the opportunity of changing the conversation, which she afforded me, by calling to little Caroline to dismount from a chair behind me, which she had climbed for the purpose of examining my epaulet with her hands, as she had already with her eyes.

“ Papa has epaulets too,” said she.

I turned round to speak to her, and we soon commenced a friendship.

Colonel Sandford was acquainting me with all that was passing in England when he sailed for Portugal, when we were interrupted by the servant, who told him there was a man outside, who wished to see him.

“ Did you not tell him I was engaged with company?” asked colonel Sandford.

“ I did, sir,” replied the servant, “ but he says, company or no company, he knows you will see him.”

“ Troth, and it's he that would,” said Dermot, advancing towards the door; “ and I hope it's no offence to inquire after his honor.”

Colonel Sandford had not to repeat his invitation to Dermot to enter the room a second time, for he was soon in the midst of us all.

“ I just made bould,” said he, “ as soon as I was after clanin myself, to come to know how you get your health, sir, and the young lady too—and if the mistis was any way comfortable or harty, since we come here?”

Colonel Sandford assured him she was.

“ I'm thankful to hear it,” said he, raising his eyes; “ and rich and poor may be thankful too; for it's she's good,
and

and has the ginerous heart, and the plintiful hand."

"This is Dermot," said colonel Sandford, addressing Mrs. Sandford, "Mrs. St. Lawrence's servant, of whom you have often heard me speak."

"Spake of me!" said Dermot, in great delight; "I'm behoulden to you for that the longest day I live; nor may you, nor those belengin to you ever want a good word.—Ma'am," added he, turning to Mrs. Sandford, as if she needed his assurances on the subject, "ma'am, you have got a most worthy gentleman, a husband, and, I'm tould, come of a great family—none of your upstart spalpeens, with a narrow heart and a close fist. When I was but a little gassoon, as I may say, workin in the garden—in that selfsame garden that my mistis and he that's gone, and we that's away, used to take our sport in—well, when I'd be there workin, his honor here would stop for as good as a quarter of an hour, dis-

coursin me; and it used to give me, a fine heart to get on with the work—it was so much to a little gassoon to be noticed by the likes of him.”

Colonel Sandford thanked Dermot for having been anxious to know how he was, and expressed himself so kindly towards the poor fellow, that he departed quite happy.

From this day I spent much of my time with the Sandfords. Colonel Sandford was much respected by the military at Lisbon. He had seen a great deal of service, and was considered a very good officer.

In a very short time the whole family had become acquainted with almost all the military people in Lisbon. There were a number of parties given by the ladies of the different regiments for them. Miss Danby liked them, though she did contrive to find out something ridiculous to laugh at in them.

One day, dining at colonel Sandford's,

I was

I was greatly struck by the appearance of a young man who sat directly opposite to me : his countenance was uncommonly sweet and expressive, and he had a look and air of elegance, that caught my attention the moment I saw him. I asked Miss Danby, who was beside me, if she could tell me who he was. She told me he was Mr. Fairfield. I immediately accused myself for having neglected to form so pleasing an acquaintance, but determined to make amends for it by getting myself introduced to him, and waiting on him and his lady the next day.

“Take care,” said Miss Danby, “how you suffer yourself to be too intimate with them, lest you bring on yourself a religious persecution, for I have found out that they are determined methodists.”

“Methodists!” repeated I: “how have you found it out? do they profess it?”

“ No,” answered she, “ I believe they don’t actually say to one, we are methodists ; but it’s easily detected—they go to bed before twelve, rise early——”

“ Surely,” interrupted I, “ you do not set this down as methodism ?”

“ No,” returned she, “ not when considered alone ; but when joined to other circumstances, it is very suspicious.”

“ What other circumstances ?” inquired I.

“ I believe,” answered she, “ that they never play cards, or scold their servants.”

“ Well,” said I, “ I have never seen you do either.”

“ Oh, I beg your pardon,” returned she ; “ I sometimes play piquet with Alick, when we are by ourselves, and very often scold the servants, when I have nothing else to do. Another thing is, I have never seen Mrs. Fairfield dance.”

“ Perhaps she don’t like dancing,” interrupted I.

“ No

might be employed to more advantage at his profession."

"Oh, I assure you it's all in the way of business," returned she; "for he dissects a character, cuts up a reputation, and amputates all the good qualities of his acquaintance without mercy."

Our conversation ended by the ladies rising to leave the drawing-room.

In the evening I got colonel Sandford to introduce me to Mr. Fairfield, whose manners I found extremely pleasing; but I regretted to perceive an appearance of delicate health, both in his form and complexion. On inquiring for Mrs. Fairfield, I found that she had remained at home with Miss Fairfield, who had but a few days before arrived from England, in the hope that the mild air of Lisbon would remove an obstinate cough, which the physicians were afraid would affect her lungs.

CHAPTER II.



Sweet harmonist ! and beautiful as sweet !

And young as beautiful ! and soft as young !

And gay as soft ! and innocent as gay !



Her song still vibrates in my ravish'd ear. YOUNG.

I CALLED the next day on Mrs. Fairfield, and found her and her sister-in-law sitting together. Miss Fairfield was a very elegant and lovely young woman. The brightness of her eyes, and the clearness of her complexion, might have led one to suppose her healthy, had not the extreme delicacy of her form, and a certain expression of countenance — something between thoughtfulness and sadness, indicated the

approach of the disorder by which she was threatened. I found her manners most winning; she had quick and warm feelings, and an excellent understanding. I every day (for I became a constant visitor at Mr. Fairfield's) found something new to admire in her character.

Her thoughts appeared to be seriously directed—more so than I had ever recollected to have observed in so young and so lovely a woman. I *excused* her to myself, by concluding that the state of her health, as much as her education, contributed to strengthen the influence which religion seemed to hold over her mind—indeed it marked all her actions, and very frequently her conversation. I respected religion—partly, I do now believe, because I so much admired its influence on my mother, as a consolation and support. I had often listened to her, as to one who was principally concerned in the truth of what she advanced. I had yet to learn, that Religion was
not

not merely to be our companion in the solitary hours of meditation and the moments of anguish, but that she was to be our guide in prosperity and in society.

The whole family of the Fairfields seemed strongly impressed with religious feelings, but not such feelings as led them to "thank Heaven they were not as others." There was a forbearance in their manner of acting towards, and judging of others. Never did they advance a hasty opinion, or a harsh decision, on the religious sentiments of another. It might truly be said of them, that "they walked humbly with their God." Theirs was real and unaffected humility, which was discovered by their conduct, and not that false humility of which so many are *proud*.

I could not help smiling one morning as I saw Cowper's Poems lying on the table, for I instantly thought of what Miss Danby had said.

"He is," said Mrs. Fairfield, laying her
her

her hand upon the book, "our favourite poet. I think we have read him more than ever, Marian, since you have come to us."

"He is a fascinating poet," returned Marian—"often a sublime one. What particularly delights me in him is, that all he addresses to the feelings the reason sanctions, and that a brilliant imagination only sheds its lustre around truth, never lighting up vice with a false glare, which, while it dazzles, misleads the understanding. His lyre has been tuned, like the harp of David, to pour forth his Maker's praise—his Redeemer's love."

I listened with attention to all Miss Fairfield said. There was something peculiarly sweet and affecting in the tone of her voice, and a gentleness, yet steadiness of manner, which shewed the influence of the spirit of peace and truth over her mind.

"I would apologize," said she to me, "for conversing so freely before you ;
but

but I think such conversation cannot appear idle to you, and every moment is precious, most precious to me."

The conversation afterwards happening to turn on *The Remains of Henry Kirke White*—"It is," said she, "a book that must be interesting to every body: to me it is peculiarly so. We find in him a striking example of how a very young person can prepare for, and meet death."

A faint blush passed her face, and she kissed away the tear which was stealing down her sister's cheek. She saw how much she was affected by the idea of losing her, and she changed the conversation.

I was constantly witnessing some charming trait of character which raised her in my estimation. I remember one day, her brother said to her—"Marian, you deserve great credit for leading the retired life you do, for I know very few better fitted to enjoy, or more calculated to

to adorn society, than you are: but to you sacrifice is no difficulty."

"I should ill justify your good opinion of me, my dear William," said she, "were I to make a merit of what necessity obliges me to do. I assure you, I do think, if I were quite well, I should not remain so completely excluded from society, though I should never devote *much* of my time, or sacrifice *any* of my health to company. You see I cannot deceive you."

"Nor any one," returned he, taking her hand. "Yes, I believe you did once, at the age of nine years, deceive your aunt Bromley, when you were on a visit with her in Wales. James told me afterwards how you used always to lay your dinner by for a poor boy that you had found nearly starving, and that you had the perseverance, the whole time you staid, never to taste the dainties, which aunt Bromley would have been so displeased had she not thought you had eaten,

eaten, that you might have the satisfaction of supplying the wants of a poor child."

I saw the same disinterestedness which marked this action of her childhood pervade all she did. I saw the effort which she made to enliven those dear relations who were watching over her with so much anxiety; her unwillingness to give trouble; her patience while suffering, and her perfect resignation to the will of Heaven. She appeared to me the most exalted of human beings, and the most charming of womankind. I soon loved her passionately for qualities far different from those which had so much attracted me in Mrs. Villiers. Some of the most delightful evenings of my life were passed with her. While she and her sister worked, Mr. Fairfield and I read aloud. In a short time I perceived, with inexpressible delight, that the mild air of Lisbon had a wonderful effect on her health and spirits; and I saw every
reason

reason to hope that they would soon be perfectly re-established.

She appeared to hail the amendment of her health with the most lively gratitude and ecstacy. The melancholy which I had at first taken notice of, in the expression of her countenance, now often gave place to the most brilliant animation; her smile, which had always been touching, now became bewitching; and the sound of her voice, which had ever been sweet, now became peculiarly exhilarating. She was now frequently able to sing a little for us, which she did, I thought, with as much expression at least as Mrs. Villiers, but with this difference, that she never selected those impassioned amatory songs which Mrs. Villiers used always to choose. There was the greatest simplicity in her manner of singing the beautiful Scotch airs. Often have I sat beside her, as she has sung "Oh Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me?" so as to draw tears from every eye; and

and often have I sat still and silent for many moments after her voice had died away, as if waiting in the hope that the air might waft back the sweet strain which she had breathed.

I now thought of Raymond with less asperity than I had done for a length of time. I imagined my affection for Marian had softened down all the evil propensities of my nature. Perhaps I may set down this very period as the happiest of my existence: knowing that my mother was well, and that probably she would soon embrace me with all the pride of a parent, whose son has distinguished himself; the approach, too, of that time, which was to give me an opportunity of shewing the zeal I felt for the Spanish cause, and displaying any military talents which I might possess; my acquaintance courted by several Portuguese families to whom I had been introduced; the acknowledged favourite in the regiment to which I belonged;
the

the welcome guest and declared friend at the house of the Fairfields—it did not a little increase my happiness to perceive that Marian always welcomed me with one of her sweetest smiles, and that the chair which was next to hers was always considered as my place.

One day, when I had been reading the poem of “Henry and Emma” to her, she mentioned how very much she loved the name of Henry.

“So many,” said she, “of that name have been dear to me.”

I felt my heart beat with delight at this, trifling as it was. It almost appeared like a fortunate omen to me, and I could not deny myself the pleasure of telling her that *my* name was Henry; and I think, from the moment that I did so, and perceived her cheeks glowing with blushes, and her eyes cast down in confusion, our intercourse took a different colour. She became less unreserved, but not less kind to me: I became
more

more attentive, but not less respectful to her. I constantly attended her and Mrs. Fairfield in their walks, which her returning strength permitted her to enjoy.

They now began to associate more with the inhabitants of Lisbon, and the British officers and their families quartered there, than they had done—not, indeed, that they felt many sympathies in common with most of them, but because politeness prevented their refusing civilities which were kindly meant.

CHAPTER III.



I think she means to tangle mine eyes too.
No, faith, proud mistress! hope not after it;
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE Fairfields were acquainted with one lady, who appeared to be particularly anxious to be on very intimate terms with them—not, indeed, from any sympathies which she had in common with them, but from the vicinity of their abode. To this lady I took a dislike which it was impossible to conquer. She was married to captain Alsop, in
the

the regiment with Mr. Fairfield: she was between forty and fifty; her appearance and manners were most peculiarly forbidding. She seemed to have declared war against every thing in the world but cards, of which she was passionately fond. When she could not contrive to make up a rubber of whist or casino at home, she would stroll down to the Fairfields, to vent her vexation, by hinting her contempt for their not having a card-table every evening. She regretted very much not having got acquainted with any of the Portuguese families, who in general liked cards. She was particularly anxious to be introduced to the P—— family, as they understood English very well, and she could not speak a word of Portuguese.

Don Juan P—— and his mother and sisters were considered people of the first respectability. He was rather pleasing, but passionate and haughty; indeed, haughtiness appeared to be the marking feature

feature of almost all the family, particularly of his mother and elder sister, donna Olivia ; but they were very accomplished, and their understanding English so well particularly recommended them to the British officers. I sometimes passed an evening with them, as they admitted their acquaintances the evening in every week. They purposed giving a very splendid entertainment to the English officers and their families. The Fairfields were invited. Marian wished to go for a couple of hours, that she might see the Spanish dances, which she heard were to be exhibited there, and which she had had no opportunity of seeing since she came to Lisbon.

It was extremely amusing, there was such a variety of company. There were a number of Spanish and Portuguese grandees, and a great many English, Irish, and Scotch officers, and their families. Every one appeared in some fancy dress : the room was ornamented with

with a good deal of taste, and presented a very brilliant spectacle.

I had stood beside Marian for a long time, listening with delight to her sweet voice, which I fancied became still sweeter and softer when she addressed me, when Miss Danby came over to us; she told Marian she was delighted to see her—“Which you will own is very disinterested in me,” added she, “as you are really the only girl in Lisbon that I can find nothing to laugh at in. I puzzled my brains for a long time to find out your weak side, but all to no purpose. I tried your understanding first, and it was proof against my attack; and at last I found you were so many thousand degrees better than I am, that I endeavoured to ridicule your goodness, but that was too unaffected; and then, what provokes me more than all is, that you can be entertaining without making game of any one—I cannot understand how.”

Marian blushed, but answered, smiling

—"Wait till you are a little better acquainted with me, for you know your favourite author says—*'Sy il y a des hommes dont le ridicule n'a jamais pain c'est qu'on ne la pas bien cherché!'*"

For my part, I never liked Miss Danby half so well as at that moment; and, without exactly knowing what I did, I took her hand. She looked in my face, and laughed.

"I know," said she, "you are in hopes that I am going to reform altogether; but I assure you it is no such thing—I am too old now for that. Let me see, I am just two-and-twenty, and I believe we seldom mend after that period. Give me your arm, till I go over to that table, where I think I see some refreshments, for I am really almost dead. We will return to you presently, Miss Fairfield."

When we were out of Marian's hearing, she added—"That is a creature, indeed, that might make one forget themselves.

selves. Beautiful without vanity — touching, without affectation—and good, without hypocrisy. But I see, my good friend,” continued she, looking archly at me, “you too have studied her character, and I do believe that, since the very commencement of our acquaintance, this was the very *first* time you presumed to squeeze my hand; but I didn’t take the compliment all to myself, I assure you.”

“Indeed,” returned I, “you might; for I felt so much gratified and pleased to hear you speak with so much good sense, and so perfectly free from prejudice, that unconsciously I betrayed my approbation.”

“Ah,” said she, “partiality in this instance were far more pardonable than prejudice.”

“But,” resumed I, “you were going to say something more of Miss Fairfield.”

“No,” replied she, “nothing more. If I could ridicule her, I should say a great deal more; but ten minutes is

enough at any time to bestow on the praises of the greatest saint upon earth. Every thing good, you know, can be said in that time, and it's only wasting one's breath, and losing one's patience, to spend more time in panegyricizing. Now there, there are Miss Godfrey, and donna Olivia—how infinitely more diverting they are, though their understandings are so inferior to Marian Fairfield's! They are a most inimitable contrast to each other, and yet, by the incomprehensible power of attraction, they are constantly drawn together. Look at them now: Miss Godfrey thinks that abominable stoop which she has is the Grecian bend, and it is what she calls *interesting*. On the other hand, donna Olivia mistakes that stiffness of carriage and haughtiness of deportment for dignity. Upon my word, the one looks as if she was going to kiss her shoe, and the other, as if she would not take a thousand pounds to look near her knee."

I could

I could not help laughing, and was just going to reply to Miss Danby, when I felt a very delicate and soft hand laid upon mine, and my name repeated in the sweetest accent.

“No hand,” thought I, “can be so soft, no voice can be so sweet, but Marian’s.”

I turned round to answer her, and I beheld Mrs. Villiers. She remained silent for a moment, but it did not appear to be from confusion, but as if watching the effect of her dazzling beauty, rendered more brilliant by the magnificence of her attire. In a moment, however, with one of her sweet smiles, she again repeated my name; but that smile had lost its power—that voice its charm. I saw her as she really was, transcendantly lovely, indeed, in person, but artificial in manners and in mind. The confusion was all on my side, and I stammered out some words of recognition, but I do not know exactly what they were; however, they seemed to please Mrs. Villiers.

for she again smiled, and extended her hand to me, which I was obliged to take, but I instantly relinquished it. I am convinced that she thought my embarrassment was entirely occasioned by my admiration of her charms.

“ Well,” said she, “ I feel glad to see you, though half angry it should be in this public way ; and, indeed, I should not have partaken of an amusement so little suited to my habits and inclinations, but that I knew you were to be here. You see, Mr. St. Lawrence, I am very candid—perhaps too candid. I longed to account for some things in my conduct, which stand in need of explanation, and to-morrow at ten o’clock I shall expect you to call on me at Mr. D’Erinsay’s, where, after half-an-hour’s conversation, we may part for ever, if you wish it.”

This was said in a very low voice, that it might not be heard by Miss Danby. Before I had time to answer her, donna
Olivia

Olivia advanced, and entreated Mrs. Villiers would dance a bolero, or fandango, in which she so peculiarly excelled.

After some faint resistance, some slight excuses, and some weak arguments, used to be refuted, she suffered herself to be led out, but with such a natural air of timidity, and expression of modesty, that I almost forgot it was all acting. However, the spirit of the dance soon inspired her, and she gave it full force. Every one was in raptures, but she turned from all, to read in my looks the effect produced on me by her wonderful grace and animation.

I could not help thinking the exhibition much more suited to the stage than for a private room; and I felt shocked as I heard the remarks which some young Spaniards and Portuguese were making on her.

“ I knew,” said one, “ she could never shut herself up for life, and that she

would take the first opportunity of dancing in among us. It would be a thousand pities such a beautiful creature should grieve for ever for the loss of a husband—a loss that thousands would give the world she should repair.”

“Oh,” returned another, “there was no danger that she should grieve for ever; for, as the proverb says—‘*Dolór de espóso, dolór de códo; duéle múcho, y dúra poco**.’”

She played on the harp—sung English, Italian, French, and Spanish songs. I observed that, at every burst of applause which she received, her eyes were directed towards me, to watch the effect of the general admiration she excited. I could not help comparing her with Marian.

Marian distinguished me, but it was by the tone of her voice, and the expression of her countenance, and even by

* Sorrow for a husband is like the pain of an elbow—it is very sharp, but lasts only a short time.

by a degree of diffidence in manner, which was not without its charm; but Mrs. Villiers sought me out, and did not seem to care who observed her attentions, so anxious was she that they should not escape my notice. Even their musical talents, which were certainly nearly equal, were as differently brought forward: Mrs. Villiers's were exhibited to dazzle strangers, and awaken admiration—Marian's were called forth for the entertainment of the social circle, in the bosom of her own family.

I became so completely absorbed in my reflections on Marian, that I forgot where I was, and who were present. I pictured her to myself, complying with the wishes of others, with so much sweetness, and such readiness to oblige, that it gave a value to every thing she did, while the modesty which marked all her actions was perhaps her most captivating grace. Unconsciously I ejaculated—"Admirable creature!"

The sound of my voice recalled my recollection: I hoped its having been low had prevented my words reaching any one's ears; but on raising my eyes, I perceived, by Mrs. Villiers's looks, that they had not escaped her. She evidently applied them to herself, and smiling, and blushing, and looking down, and sighing, she asked me what she should sing for me?

I felt so provoked at her mistake, that I instantly replied, very coldly, that I was sure she was fatigued, and had much better rest herself for a while.

"No," said she, "I am not the least fatigued, and will sing your favourite little song."

I felt myself blush with vexation when she began an amatory song in the most impassioned manner.—"What will Marian think?" instantly occurred to me. I looked for her, and saw she had just taken a seat not far from the harp. I imagined she looked thoughtful, and
hurried

hurried over to her, with an intention of assuring her how entirely I disapproved of such songs; but, from her manner, hoping she had not heard what Mrs. Villiers had said, I entered upon no defence.

The moment Mrs. Villiers's song was over, she sought me.

"Ah, you truant!" cried she, "why did you fly before your song was ended?"

She curtsied to Miss Danby, who at that instant came over. "I am happy to meet Miss Danby," said she, "whose talents and spirits are the brightest ornaments to whatever society she condescends to shine in."

Miss Danby replied in a very cold and formal manner to Mrs. Villiers's compliment, and was turning to speak to Marian, when she again addressed her.—"Dear Miss Danby, it is really provoking that my lucky stars, should so seldom have brought me into your company. I do not think I have had the

pleasure of meeting you more than three or four times in my life, and I am sure there is nobody whose acquaintance I desire half so much. Now if you will have the goodness to meet my inclinations, and sometimes come to me at my villa, it will be conferring a serious favour on me."

Miss Danby bowed, and Mrs. Villiers continued—"I lead a very retired life. I may truly say, I have 'the world and all its busy follies left;' but I have not forsworn music and poetry, and I think you could sometimes contrive to pass an hour with me. As the ratification of our treaty, I must oblige you in some way: tell me what song I shall sing for you?"

Miss Danby replied, that she would not for the world she should fatigue herself by singing more.

Mrs. Villiers seemed particularly anxious to get into Miss Danby's good
graces,

graces, but as yet it was palpable she had not succeeded.

“ I have a good library,” said Mrs. Villiers, “ quite at your service: what books shall I send you for a beginning?”

“ Perhaps,” said Miss Danby, “ you can oblige me with the *Intercepted Letter*: I hear you have studied it.”

I cannot describe the mortification that I felt at this very broad hint of Miss Danby's. Mrs. Villiers cast upon me the most angry and reproachful look, which plainly told me that she was convinced I had betrayed her to Miss Danby. I did not know to what to attribute her allusion, for I could not suppose it merely accidental; and I am certain I blushed when Mrs. Villiers's penetrating eyes were fixed on me.

When she had recovered herself sufficiently to speak, she said—“ The heat of the room is so great, that I think I shall not touch the harp again to-night.

Mr.

Mr. St. Lawrence, pray see if my carriage and servants are come."

I obeyed her. Before I had time to reach the room, to tell her that they were come, I met her on the stairs.

"St. Lawrence," cried she, "could I have supposed you capable of such baseness? But I deserved this mortification for having appeared, though but for one evening, in company. I shall return to my villa to-morrow, and shut myself up more completely than ever from a world which I abhor, for I find all alike—ungrateful, false, perfidious!"

The hand which I had extended to assist her to her carriage she pushed from her with scorn.

"Go!" said she, "go to your Miss Danby, and your Miss Fairfield—they will exult with you at the pain which you have inflicted on a creature whose only fault was feeling too great an interest for you—an interest which I now find you so little merit."

She

She would not permit me to speak, for when I attempted it, she cried, with a strength of voice which till that moment I had not known belonged to her—"Be silent!" However, as she was stepping into her carriage, she turned round, and said—"Disregard the appointment of to-morrow at your peril!" and instantly seating herself, she drew up the glasses of her carriage, and was out of sight in a moment.

I determined to obey her injunctions of waiting on her the next day. I thought indeed I owed it to myself, as I could not endure the idea of resting under the imputation of such indelicacy as appearances warranted her in supposing me guilty of.

When I returned to the company, I found Miss Danby laughing most heartily at the character which she was giving Marian of Mrs. Villiers.

"She is," said she, "the most accomplished

plished coquette I ever met with. She certainly has the knack of pleasing, and the art of adapting herself to the disposition of every person she chooses to captivate. Oh, I must not say any thing against her, for here comes one of her most devoted slaves."

I assured her, though I thought Mrs. Villiers very beautiful, and very agreeable, I was by no means her devoted slave.

Marian blushed very much, and said—"She is certainly the most beautiful person I ever met, and appears to excel in every thing she attempts."

"Though she affects so much sweetness," said Miss Danby, "I assure you she has a violent temper, and can be as malicious as *any* body, and more than *most* people, when she supposes herself injured. Miss D'Erinsay, who hates her mortally, has told me, that no violence would be too great for Mrs. Villiers to be guilty of."

"I think,"

“ I think,” said Marian, “ you told me Miss D’Erinsay was her most intimate friend.”

“ Oh, so she is,” replied Miss Danby ; “ that is, she goes on a visit to her—lives in her house—uses her equipage—pulls her flowers—strums on her piano-forte—reads her books—wears her ornaments—and abuses her to all her acquaintances.”

“ Surely,” said Marian, “ if Miss D’Erinsay saw any thing in Mrs. Villiers to blame, she should speak to her about it, and not to strangers.”

“ Speak to Mrs. Villiers,” returned Miss Danby, “ of her faults ! That is a most diverting idea ; it really has infinite merit. I think I see demure little Miss D’Erinsay beginning a lecture, and the *gentle* Mrs. Villiers flying out like a virago.”

“ I am sure,” said Marian, “ Mrs. Villiers could not be a virago ; but certainly, if Miss D’Erinsay cannot venture to
speak

· speak to her about her faults, she ought to forbear making them the subject of her conversation with any one else. It appears to me almost the greatest breach of hospitality to betray the actions, or even the words, of those with whom we associate so intimately to common acquaintances."

· "My dear," replied Miss Danby, "you are a great deal too good, and I am afraid, if the world was peopled with such creatures as you, life would move on at a very dull pace, and be scarcely worth possessing. Give me five thousand friends, and I think I could like them all; but I must have the power and the privilege of laughing at them too."

"I do not think," said Marian, "that Miss D'Erinsay can expect much respect, or meet with any, if she continues to bring into notice the defects over which she should be the very person to draw a veil, or while she continues such
a constant

a constant inmate in the house of one she so decidedly condemns."

"Oh, as to being intimate with Mrs. Villiers," returned Miss Danby, "she cannot possibly help that; for her father, who had a great friendship for Mr. Villiers, insists on his daughter paying his widow every attention. Really, I cannot see poor Miss D'Erinsay's conduct in that very blamable point of view in which it strikes you. Oh, if you were to hear the diverting things which she tells of Mrs. Villiers, you could not possibly think she was wrong."

"Well," said Wilkes, who now advanced towards us, "it's the most provoking thing in the world! I have waited at home all the evening, for some slips of very scarce geraniums from Mrs. Osborne, and now I have ran the whole way, till I am ready to faint with heat; and here they are," added he, pulling a large broom of geranium from his bosom,

som, " here they are, and I'm not time enough to see Mrs. Villiers—and I hear she danced and sung, and was quite the life of the party; only think how unlucky! Besides, the geraniums would have grown very well, and it would have been such a nice way of introducing myself to her!"

Colonel Sandford at this moment took me under the arm, to walk up and down the room, so I lost the remainder of Wilkes's lamentation.

Colonel Sandford told me it gave him the greatest pleasure to find I was so much beloved in the regiment, and such a particular favourite with colonel Osborne.—" I have no doubt," continued he, " that you will very shortly receive orders to advance into Spain, and I am convinced that he will do every thing to bring you forward, and commit any post of trust or honour to you, in preference to any of his young officers."

What colonel Sandford said raised my
spirits.

spirits. I thanked him for his kindness, and, after some more conversation, I returned to Marian. I found major Macleod beside her. He was particularly fond of her, because she was called Marian after a Macleod, a distant relation, and could sing Scotch songs so sweetly.

“She is a blithe lassie,” said he, speaking of Mrs. Villiers, as I afterwards found, “an’ can gi’e us a Scotch lilt wi’ ony of them, but not sae weel’s yoursel; but that is positively nateral, for ye hae a drope of the Macleod bluid in your veins, which gars you ken our airs mair than an entire foreigner could do. You need nae be ashamed to own yoursel partly Scotch, and I’m sure all Caledonia may feel proud to say, sae winsome a lassie belongs in part to her.”

Marian thanked him for his compliment, and continued conversing with him till her sister rose to take leave.

When I retired, my mind was engrossed

grossed by reflections on the extraordinary meeting which had taken place with Mrs. Villiers, and what I should say when we met the next morning : but sometimes my thoughts wandered to Marian, who was becoming every day still dearer to me.

About this period I began to imagine that my mind was strongly impressed with religious feelings : but it was merely imagination. I loved Marian so much, that all she did and said seemed “discreetest, wisest, virtuousest, best ;” and those truths, the ground of Christian faith and the foundation of Christian hope, were only valuable to me, because Marian dwelt on them with all the eloquence which belongs to conviction and strong feeling. I thought myself convinced, because I listened to her with pleasure. I had yet to learn, that the Christian has other proofs to give of his belief, than merely the assent of his understanding ; that the same Lord who
has

has commanded us “to love him with all our minds,” has also enjoined us “to love him with all our hearts and souls.” I had yet to learn, that Christianity was indeed an operating principle, that not only convinces the reason, but that pervades the whole conduct, manners, and conversation—that softens down the asperities of our nature, and controls the wild career of the passions. Marian, too, was deceived: she was my idol, while she supposed my devotion was directed to the sublime source from which hers had risen.

Often have I seen a smile of the most lively satisfaction light up her expressive countenance, when I have advanced arguments to strengthen her opinions—alas! *because* they were her opinions. Yet I cannot say I was a hypocrite, for I certainly did believe myself a Christian.

CHAPTER IV.



Oh, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal !

Her blush is guiltiness.

SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN I reached Mr. D'Erinsay's, and inquired for Mrs. Villiers, and was shewn into a room where she was waiting to receive me, I certainly did feel a considerable degree of trepidation. She looked extremely pale and agitated, but very lovely ; she rose on my entrance, and without speaking, motioned to me to take a seat which was placed near her. We both remained silent for some moments ;

moments; at length, wishing to hasten the conclusion of this embarrassing *tête-à-tête*, I assured her how much pain it had given me to think that she could have attributed any idle words of Miss Danby's to my suggestion; that if they were meant, I could not guess at the source of information that supplied them; that I should indeed abhor myself were I capable of such indelicacy. She appeared satisfied with the truth of what I alleged, but I do not know whether she was really so; but the circumstance had, I perceived, lost much of its weight since the preceding evening, and she seemed much more anxious to convince me of the truth of what she said, than to feel a conviction of what I advanced.

“I believe you, Mr. St. Lawrence,” said she, “for I am so little in the habit of deceiving, that it never occurs to me to suspect the veracity of another; and now I feel it a duty which I owe to

myself to let you know how the unfortunate accident happened, which you so readily misconstrued when you left me in the bower that most unlucky night. You may perhaps recollect that the evening was setting in ; the trees so much darkened the place where I was sitting, that when I lifted up the letter which you had dropped, I could not see the superscription, but imagining it was one which I had written myself that day, I tore it open to see whether I had remembered to mention a commission which I was anxious should be executed. I hurried over to the door to see it ; Miss D'Erinsay called out to me not to open it ; just at the instant I had discovered my mistake, you entered, and kindly set down this innocent transaction as one of the most flagrant breaches of honour. It instantly inflicted the acutest pang I ever remembered to have suffered, nor could I, as you must remember, conceal my emotion."

She

She said this in the most cool and collected manner, and even as she concluded, cast on me an upbraiding look, which would undoubtedly have deceived me, had I not full proof that it was all acting. I looked at her steadily for a moment, and her pale cheeks became suffused with blushes.—“ Mrs. Villiers,” said I, “ some words which you spoke reached my ears some time before I advanced to claim my letter. I felt a degree of awkwardness in the idea of appearing before you after what I had just heard, and waited in hopes the conversation would change, till the breaking open the seal of my letter impelled me forward.”

Mrs. Villiers was now evidently shocked and confounded, and remained perfectly silent, apparently in deep meditation. I arose to depart—“ For Heaven’s sake, stay,” said she, holding my arm, “ if you do not wish to see me die !”

I took my seat—" Pardon me, St. Lawrence," cried she, " pardon me, dear St. Lawrence, if for once I would have tried to deceive you, and hear my justification; it is now, I see, no time to dissemble." Then throwing herself back in her chair, she covered her face with her hands, and repeated, in the greatest agitation—" I love you, Henry—I passionately love you—I never loved man but you! some transient liking, some friendly sentiment, I may have mistaken for love, but soon became sensible of my error; but to you I yielded up my best affections at once—I thought I had never beheld one so worthy of possessing them as you. With a blind and fond devotion, I vowed, in a most solemn and irrevocable manner, that my heart should be exclusively yours: your manners and attentions were such as to warrant my excusing this weakness; but I felt so earnest to find out whether you were what is called a male coquette, that

when

when the temptation was thrown in my way of discovering your real sentiments, I could not resist it. Now, St. Lawrence, I have at least been candid, more so indeed than is consistent with my feelings, but circumstances have obliged me to make a confession which covers me with blushes. Tell me that your opinion of me is what it was at the commencement of our acquaintance—tell me so, or indeed I shall be far from happy.’

“Your happiness, madam,” answered I, “cannot depend on me; it must have some surer foundation.”

“Ah! I see you despise and hate me,” returned she.

“Heaven forbid!” exclaimed I.

“Henry,” said she, “if you do not tell me that you will banish the recollection from your mind of all that has past, we may both have cause to repent; tell me that your kindness to me was not entirely affected—that the manner so

attentive—I had almost said so devoted, was not completely put on.”

“Certainly it was not,” returned I, “for I felt sincere gratitude for your kindness to me, and flattered by your distinguishing me.”

“Cold, cold creature!” resumed she: “so your friendship was not to be won? Nothing but cautious gratitude, and selfish vanity! But it is well—I have deserved it, and most certainly know how to resent it.”

I have no idea how much longer this conversation, so embarrassing to me, and so irritating to Mrs. Villiers, might have continued, had it not been interrupted, though not exactly in the way I could have wished. The servant came in, and told Mrs. Villiers that there was a gentleman in the next room who insisted on seeing her.—“Do not on any account admit him,” said she; but her direction was useless, for before the servant could reach the door, Wilkes, with
his

his hands quite full of plants, made his appearance.—“ Ah!” said he to me, as he entered the room, “ I am quite glad to see you, though I knew you were here, for I could distinguish your voice before I had got up the last flight of stairs;” then bowing profoundly to Mrs. Villiers, he continued—“ I hope, madam, you will excuse the liberty I take in calling on you, but I have heard that you have a very choice collection of plants, and I have got some slips of a very uncommon sort of geranium from my most particular friend, Mrs. Osborne, and I hope you’ll have the goodness to accept of them.”

Mrs. Villiers appeared quite disconcerted when she replied to this curious introduction.

“ Oh, I assure you,” said he, “ it isn’t the least inconvenience to me; indeed I have no garden myself, and should not know what to do with them: besides, I procured them on purpose for

you. I wish you had seen them last night, they were quite fresh; but indeed I think they look almost as well to-day, for I kept them in water ever since. I assure you it was a very great compliment to get them from Mrs. Osborne; I don't think she'd have given them to any one in the regiment but myself, though I assure you she is a very good-natured woman; she is remarkably sensible, and has a most excellent assortment of geraniums." When Mrs. Villiers thanked him, though she did it very coldly, he went on—"Do not say another word—I assure you I look upon any accident as most fortunate which introduces me to Mrs. Villiers."

"Accident!" repeated Mrs. Villiers.

"It was mere accident, I assure you," returned Wilkes, "my being able to get them for you. I have been teasing Mrs. Osborne for them these two months, and it was only late yesterday evening that I got them, and though I hurried
with

with them to don Juan P——'s, most unfortunately before I got there you were gone, and I heard the room ring with the praises of your dancing the bollero and the fandango, and your playing and singing; I was quite provoked, I assure you, at missing it all."

He then began sorting the plants he had brought, and descanting on their respective merits, and describing with accuracy the flower that each would have when they blossomed.—"If you please, I'll walk out to your villa myself and put them down," added he, "for I know the soil they love; I'm sure I slipt near a hundred for Mrs. Osborne, and they all succeeded: if you have a small work-basket, I can put them in it, and they will be quite fresh you know.—It's very lucky I met you," added he, turning to me, "for maybe you'll walk out to the villa with me, as I don't know the way there myself."

I excused myself, and rising took my

leave of Mrs. Villiers, pleading an appointment as my apology for not complying with her request of staying a little longer. As I left the room, she cast on me a most indignant and reproachful look.

This interview had still further lowered my opinion of her. Her artifice, and the unhesitating recourse which she had to falsehood, shocked me, and the indelicacy of her declarations with regard to myself disgusted me. I mentally thanked Heaven that I had bestowed my heart on one where all was guileless, sweet, and direct. I hastened to attend her and her sister in their morning walk according to promise. I found Mrs. Fairfield not very well; she therefore declined leaving the house, but joining her entreaties to mine, we prevailed on Marian to accompany me. This was the first time we had ever walked out by ourselves. Unfortunately, as we were returning home, and deeply interested in conversation, Mrs. Villiers
passed

passed us in her carriage. I judged, from the look which she cast on me, she was highly displeased. I felt distressed, but every unpleasant feeling subsided, when sitting beside Marian at her piano-forte, I heard her sing those songs which her style of singing rendered so peculiarly touching.—“Oh Nannie, wilt thou gang wi’ me?” was my particular favourite, and I perceived that Marian almost always selected it as one of her first songs. Those who have never loved as I have done can form no idea of the exquisite pleasure these trifling but silent indications of regard convey to the heart—more, perhaps, than even the most eloquent expression of the sentiments could do.

CHAPTER V.

There, where I have garner'd up my heart ;
Where either I must live, or bear no life ;
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up ; to be discarded thence !

SHAKESPEARE.

SOME mornings after, as I was sitting in my room, the door opened, and Dermot entered. I could perceive that he had heard something which seemed to elevate his spirits even more than usual ; he was rubbing his hands violently, and the power of utterance was for some moments denied him. When he could speak, he began by saying—" Sure enough it's the best piece of look we have

have had this long and many a day; you'll be prouder to hear it, nor if you were to get fifty golden guineas counted out into your hand."

"Well, tell me what it is, Dermot?" said I.

"Troth and I will, by all manner of mains, for I'm sure you'd be long enough guessin before you'd make it out. When I seed him cummin, I thought my very heart jump'd up to my mouth, and I filled up so that I could scarcely spake, and so ran off to tell you he was come; and I dare say he, Mr. Raymond himself, will be for making the best of his way to you in a minute or two. Musha! he's a hearty crature, and I'm sure he gave me as much advice whin I was lavin our sweet home, as all the councillors in England could have done, and that too the best of advice: he has brought a power of news from the mistis; she's well and cheery withal, considering how lonely the crature is."

I felt

I felt no small degree of vexation on hearing of the sudden arrival of Raymond; I knew he was to come to Lisbon, but had not the least idea it would have been so soon. He called on me just as Dermot had told me that he was arrived. I tried to appear glad to see him, but felt as if I failed in the attempt; he was truly glad to see me, and instantly began to let me know every thing relative to my mother. He said she was well, and in much better spirits than could have been expected—"But," added he, handing me a letter from her, "let her speak for herself."

I tore open the letter, and on reading it, found that it was a good deal taken up with praise of, and regrets for Raymond; this by no means fitted me to feel much pleasure in seeing him.

"Well," said he, "does she not write cheerfully?"

"I assure you," returned I, very much piqued, "she *does* miss me."

"She

“ She certainly does,” returned he, “ but she endeavours to bear your absence with fortitude, and I am sure it must be gratifying to you to learn that she succeeds.”

“ Surely,” returned I, “ very, very gratifying; but I am sure she is deeply afflicted at your leaving her.”

“ She was very sorry, though indeed it seemed to be a great satisfaction to her to think that I should soon see you; she said she might depend on the accounts which I would give her of your health.”

“ You are then to correspond?”

“ She has requested it, and it will be a great pleasure to me.”

“ But as to my health,” said I, “ that need be no reason; for does my mother suppose I would sit down deliberately to write her a falsehood?”

“ She never could doubt your veracity on any other occasion, but it is not unnatural that she should suppose your
great

great anxiety on her account "should sometimes lead you to conceal circumstances from her which you might be sure would give her pain."

"Raymond," said I, "I perceive you think I have not so much feeling for my mother as you have; but I am her child, and, I should think, must possess as warm an affection for her as you possibly can."

"Ah, Henry!" replied he, "why will you indulge these suspicions? I can never doubt your affection for the best of mothers; and though I love her for all the good qualities she so eminently possesses, yet her being your mother is one of her greatest recommendations to me."

We were interrupted by Dermot, who came in to ask Raymond every possible question he could devise. He began by saying—"I hope the mist is asy in her mind, and that she takes her amusement among the flowers as she was fond to do, when the young master
and

and myself had the look to be with her, comfortable and agreeable, as I may say? Is Wilson behavin as he's behoulden to behave to such a mistis? I hope he's gettin his health well, and not thinkin of sodgerin? I was afeard he had a turn that way."

"Why, Dermot," said Raymond, laughing, "you who are a soldier ought not to say you were *afraid* any one had a turn for the army."

"Nor no more I don't say it," returned Dermot, "only I wouldn't be plased that he should disappoint the mistis; besides, the poor boy would find the differ: instead of sowing his pays and banes paceable at home, where he has plinty, ay, and more than he can make use of, at a hand's turn may be ordered out to face the Frinch; and then if it was his look to get shot by a vil-lyan that he never laid his two eyes on before, nor what's more, don't care if he never was to see the longest day that
ever

ever he'd live. Not that I'm wishin myself away from the army; no, I'm proud to carry my knapsack after the young master, and troth I'd push into the thickest of them, if they'd but offer to lift a hand again master Hinry."

Raymond expressed his approbation of Dermot's attachment to his young master, which was indeed as devoted and enthusiastic as that of any clansman to his laird.—“ And how is Molly ?” continued he ; “ is she as partial to the snuff as ever ? And I hope the impression about poor Betty's heart don't trouble her so much as it used ; I always tould her some horehound and camomile flowers would be a sartain cure. How are the poor ould Fitzbowes, and the rest of the childer, and all the pinsioners ? I hope Wilson minds to keep the cabbages that don't go to my lady's table, or the sarvents, for them ? But I'll engage the mistis takes care of that herself,

self, for she was always a good warrant for lookin' after the poor."

Raymond had answered all these questions, and Dermot was leaving the room, but seeming suddenly to recollect himself, he returned, just to inquire after "Tib, the tabby cat, who was so good in the garden after the rats, and her kittens?"

CHAPTER VI.



The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us.

SHAKESPEARE.

RAYMOND was constantly with the Sandfords, and it mortified me beyond measure to see how much they seemed to consider him. I always felt as if I was quite in the background when I met him, and a trifling incident occurred, which pained me more than any I had almost ever met with. One day, when I went to the Sandfords, I found little Caroline alone, playing with her dolls; the child had appeared to take a great fancy to me, and I used frequently to
give

give her little toys for her amusement. I took her up on my knee, and asked her if she would like a very pretty little book which I had in my pocket? On shewing it her, she said—"William gave me one, nicer a great deal than that; it had more pictures."

"What William?" inquired I.

"William Raymond," returned she; "but I'll run and fetch the book to shew you, and you can look at the pictures."

"No, no, my love," said I, "you need not; but I'll not make you take this ugly book," putting it back into my pocket. "Now tell me," continued I, "don't you like Mr. Raymond very much?"

"Very much," answered she; "and so do papa and mamma, and my sisters; we all love him very much."

"Caroline," said I, "I don't think you are as fond of me as you were?"

"Oh! indeed but I am," replied she.

"Well,

“ Well, but I’m sure,” said I, “ you like William Raymond a great deal better than me ?”

The child blushed, and hung down her head.

“ Tell the truth, my love,” said I ; “ nobody will be affronted with you.”

“ Well,” said she, “ we do love him the best, but we think you very good too. I’ll tell you a secret, if you’ll promise never, never to mention it to any one. Well, I’ll tell you—papa and mamma, and Dora and Jane, say that you are grown quite dull since William Raymond came : but Jane says you only seem so, because he is so very, very pleasant ; but Dora says she thinks you’re vexed, because he’s so much nicer : but don’t tell them I told you, or they’d be quite angry with me.”

This information, obtained by indirect means from a little child, made me quite miserable, and I no sooner left the house (for I did not wait to see any of
the

the family) than I took the little book I had intended for Caroline, and tearing it into a thousand pieces, trampled it under my feet. I had purposed calling on Marian, but felt myself so completely discomposed by this trifling incident, that I determined not to see her till I a little recovered. I thought Miss Danby's conversation would be more likely than any thing to restore my spirits; but when I called on her, I was grieved and shocked to find her in tears, a circumstance so unlikely to occur, that I considered it almost an impossibility. I was going to retire, but she called to me to stay, for that I was almost the only person to whom she could tell her misfortune. I found that she was inclined to be just as communicative in her sorrow as in her mirth, and sat down, impelled equally by curiosity and a desire that she should be relieved by disclosing the cause of her uneasiness.

“ You will pity me, I know,” said she,

she, "when I tell you how much reason I have to be sad. I may as well tell you the whole story from beginning to end. Well, some time since, Alick, to make a little amusement for himself and me, pretended to fall in love with Miss Fillagree. Well, every thing went on very satisfactorily, and she was convinced that he was most desperately in love with her, and she fancied herself attached to him, and went to a good deal of expence buying every kind of dress that Alick pretended to like; and, in short, she made herself as ridiculous and diverting as possible, just as much so as we could wish; and we used to sit up till two o'clock of a night, comparing notes of all the ludicrous things she said and did. Well, Alick thought, for a little variety, that he'd try to make her jealous, and that that would be the highest entertainment of all. Now the first person who fell in his way was donna Olivia P——, and he began flirting
ing

ing with her, just to tease Miss Filla-gree; and it certainly was worth a great deal to see her—never did I laugh so much in my life: the additional pains which she took with her dress (the only mode of attacking a heart that had ever entered into her conception) was quite apparent, even to Alick, who knows so little about dress. She used to spend whole hours at her toilet, and the quantity of pins she used is almost incredible—as many, I am perfectly sure, as would dress half the women in London for the winter at least. She varied her ribbands every day; I called her the Cameleon, she changed her colours so constantly.”

I felt a little vexed that Miss Danby could not speak, even on the subject which caused her tears, without mingling a portion of that ridicule which I always feared would be exercised till it proved injurious to her.

“ Well,” continued she, “ Alick got quite engrossed at last by donna Olivia—

not that he liked her, for he dislikes her just as much as I do; but however, her extreme stiffness and haughtiness were a source of the most delightful merriment to him, and he continued paying her the greatest attention. He desired me to make Wilkes fall in love with Miss Fillagree, because he couldn't play off the two properly at once; so I praised her extravagantly to Wilkes, and Wilkes, of course, admired her of all things, and she fell in love with him, because he got the pattern of Mrs. Osborne's lilac pelisse; but I believe, when her pelisse began to fade, she recovered her heart; but however, that is no great matter: but Alick, in the meantime, continued to *make-believe* to be donna Olivia's most passionate lover; he used to be ready to die of laughing when she'd give him her hand so stiffly, that it seemed as if it was nothing but bone, but without any joints; and when she behaved to him as we are told the damsels

sels used in the days of chivalry to deport themselves to their knights, ‘I dare say,’ he’d say, ‘that in twenty years she will tell me that she does not hate me.’ But he was widely mistaken, for don Juan, I believe, saw him laugh at his sister, and thinking it might be all a quiz on Alick’s part, got so angry (for he is very fiery) that he spoke very smartly to Alick, and my poor brother was so taken by surprise, that he declared his intentions were honourable towards donna Olivia, stammered out something about respect and esteem, and now, to his great consternation, he finds they have taken him at his word, and he will be forced to marry her, and he hates her more than ever—so do I too.”

“Would it not be much better,” said I, “for him to tell her candidly that he does not feel that degree of affection for her which would be so necessary to insure her happiness?”

“ Oh,” said Miss Danby, “ she does not care for his affection—it is not her heart that is touched, but her pride, which must be satisfied; she values Alick about as much as she would an old broomstick.”

“ Well then,” said I, “ her feelings need not be particularly consulted.”

“ Oh, that’s not what we think of at all,” said she; “ but you know the Portuguese are a most vindictive people, and the P——s a most powerful family, and Heaven knows what would happen to my poor Alick, were he to hold out. I wish he could exchange into some regiment in Spain; I really see no alternative between his being shot through the head, and married to that odious maypole. And now, Mr. St. Lawrence, you cannot wonder at my being rather sad. I wish most heartily the French would arrive here and carry off donna Olivia.”

In a few minutes Mr. Danby made
his

his appearance: he looked very anxious and thoughtful, and after speaking to me, he flung himself down on the sofa; he continued silent for a few moments, at length bursting into a loud laugh, he desired his sister to guess whom he had met, just imported from England. Miss Danby having failed in her guesses, he continued—"Who, in the name of all that is ludicrous, but Bluster! and more stormy, upon my life, than ever. I wish he had come a little sooner, and I should have been saved a deal of unnecessary trouble. Really the intolerable dearth of any thing worth laughing at here has got me into rather an awkward predicament."

"You may speak before Mr. St. Lawrence," said Miss Danby; "I have told him our unfortunate dilemma."

"Did you ever know such a confounded hobble?" said he, turning to me.

I advised him to endeavour to get out of it as soon as possible.

“Oh, in truth,” returned he, “I am completely taken prisoner of war, and so surrounded by the P—— army, that I do not know how a retreat is possible. Donna Olivia, I know, don’t care a pinch of snuff for me, and she is my decided aversion, and yet all her family have kindly determined upon marrying us. But I’ll hit upon some expedient to get out of their way. Mr. St. Lawrence, these same P——s are the most ridiculous family unhanged—all so long, and so stiff, and so stately! Did you ever see any thing to equal donna Olivia’s arms? they look as if they never had been made use of since the last century; I believe they are ossified.”

Miss Danby rose, and on looking towards her, I perceived she was what she called *doing* donna Olivia; and though she bore no point of resemblance
to

to her in person or face, she contrived to catch so much of the expression of her countenance, and the air of her person, that, though certainly exaggerated, the imitation was incomparable: her brother was almost convulsed with laughter.

I could not help smiling, but felt really shocked. I thought there was a total want of self-respect in thus ridiculing the very person with whom it was not improbable they would be united by the closest and most indissoluble ties.

“Well,” said Mr. Danby, “though I do laugh, I assure you I feel very much out of sorts; for though donna Olivia does excellently well to laugh at—nobody better—yet it is by no means a pleasing perspective to see her tied to me for life. I will certainly do what I can to avoid it. If possible, I will volunteer to serve in Spain, where, per-

haps, I may get knocked in the head—
a much better thing, decidedly, than
being married to donna Olivia.”

CHAPTER VII.

For whatsoever good by any said,
Or done, she heard, she would strait-waies invent
How to deprave, or slanderously upbraid,
Or to misconstrue of a man's intent,
And turne to ill the thing that well was ment.
Therefore she used often to resort
To common haunts, and company's frequent,
To hark what any one did good report,
To blot the same with blame, or wrest in wicked
sort.

SPENSER.

I FELT sorry for the Danbys, though the punishment appeared to be such as they deserved, and had evidently drawn on themselves. I was also conscious that they would feel less on such an occasion than almost any other people could do.

I knew they were so completely given up to satire, that even a near connexion could not escape the shafts of their ridicule, for I had at different times heard them *speak of their relations in a manner that I should have been ashamed to think of my acquaintance ; and I really felt assured, that the only person in the whole circle of their acquaintance that Miss Danby did not laugh at was her brother, and the only creature that had escaped his ridicule was his sister.*

Miss Danby, I thought, had greatly the advantage of her brother. She had much greater talents and higher spirits to excuse the indulgence of the unfortunate bent of her mind : though he was less clever, he was more unsparing, if possible. Unluckily for themselves, they had encouraged in each other those propensities which it should have been their first study to eradicate.

Certainly the army was the very worst situation in which they could have been placed,

placed, for they were constantly forming new acquaintances, of a description most open to their ridicule; and this constant supply of food to their ruling passion not only kept it alive, but considerably heightened it.

“How differently,” thought I, “are Marian’s talents directed! they are employed in the cultivation of her mind, and offered up as due to him who bestowed them. Yes, her unceasing study is to gain a more intimate knowledge of that glorious and sublime Being, who is alone the giver of all good gifts.”

I wished sincerely that Miss Danby could be more with her, as I thought it would be of most essential service to her to see such an example of charity as that which Marian exercised towards her fellow-creatures, which did not merely consist in bestowing alms, but in dealing meekly *with*, and judging mildly *of*, those with whom she associated; for surely it could not fail of having an ef-

fect on one who acknowledged her sense, and admired her sweetness.

The situation of the Danbys had so occupied my mind, that the uneasiness I had felt on leaving the Sandfords a good deal subsided, and I was sufficiently composed to spend my evening with Marian.

When I went into the room in which she, her brother, and sister, usually sat, I was mortified to find Mrs. Alsop with them, and still more so on perceiving it was evidently her intention to stay for some hours, as she had brought her work with her. She appeared to be in very ill-humour, and manifested the dislike which she had taken to Marian for being so lovely and so good, by broad hints, which were, however, unavailing, as they were totally lost on the artless creature they were meant to wound.

She sat silently listening to Mrs. Alsop's remarks on "what airs some young ladies gave themselves, who imagined
they

they were beauties, and pretended to be so very good, that they kept themselves demured up, just merely out of a whim. Now indeed, if it was like poor dear Mrs. Villiers, after the death of her husband, one wouldn't blame her so much."

I felt quite startled at the sudden mention of Mrs. Villiers.

"Mrs. Villiers is very accomplished," said Mrs. Fairfield.

"She is indeed," returned Mrs. Alsop, "and a great deal handsomer than some people, who set up for beauties, that a'n't to be looked at in the same year with her. She don't affect to be a saint either, like some young persons, but she's really a sweet young woman. I'm very glad she's coming back to the world again, for she must have had a sad dull life at her country-seat; and I'm told she used to keep the most elegant and fashionable house in all Lisbon, before poor Mr. Villiers's death—such balls, and such concerts, and such card-tables,
always

always for her friends! for she is not one of those selfish beings, who, because they don't care for cards themselves, never have them for those who may like them. Now I, for my part, consider charity towards our fellow-creatures the first duty of a Christian; and how can we shew it so much as in trying to make them as comfortable and as happy as one can?"

She thus ingeniously made up her mind, that cards were a very strong Christian duty, and seemed to think that any appearance of religion in those who were not particularly addicted to them was mere hypocrisy.

After some observation of Mrs. Fairfield, she went on to say—"For my part of the matter, I believe the young people of the present day are perfectly distracted: filling their heads with poetry, and every nonsense of that kind, and setting up for critics, and wits, and methodists."

Marian now being requested to take
her

her seat at the pianoforte, put a stop to Mrs. Alsop's philippic for the present. When she had played some airs, Mrs. Alsop, who seemed to blame *her* particularly for the absence of cards, turned to her, and said, in no very conciliating tone—"Miss Fairfield, pray how do you prove that it is not as wicked to strum upon that instrument, as to play a game at cards?"

"I do not think either amusement wicked, unless carried to excess," replied Marian; "but if they are, cards must certainly be the worst, for they must equally produce dissipation and waste of time, with the addition of property squandered, which might be well bestowed, or profitably laid out."

"Very well, ma'am," interrupted Mrs. Alsop.

"And another very decided advantage music has over cards is," continued Marian, "that it calms and soothes the feelings—often elevates the mind; but
cards

cards sometimes ruffle the temper, and irritate the passions."

"Then I suppose you think methodists may play and sing?" asked Mrs. Alsop.

"I undoubtedly think not only methodists," answered Marian, "but all who have a taste for music, may indulge it, as the most innocent and charming of all recreations, if they do not suffer it to steal them from their religious and moral duties."

"You cannot be a fair judge in this case, Marian," said Mrs. Fairfield, "you are such a passionate lover of music."

"I believe not," returned Marian; "for if I did not keep a strict watch over myself, I should be tempted to bestow a much greater portion of time on it than I ought to spare from more important concerns."

This discussion was interrupted by the door being suddenly flung open, and Wilkes, in a most violent heat, making his

his appearance. He stood with the lock of the door in his hand for some moments, so much out of breath, that he was unable to speak ; at length, when he had recovered his powers of utterance, he called out to me—" We have got the route, and to-morrow, or next day at farthest, we march for Spain."

" For Spain !" cried I.

I turned round to Marian, but the colour had faded from her cheek, her eyes closed, and she fell back in her chair in a faint. At length a solitary tear which stole down her cheek gave notice of the return of animation. She made an effort to speak, and assured us she felt herself much better.

I still held the hand which I had taken, while endeavouring to recover her ; but on perceiving that Marian wished it, instantly relinquished it. Wilkes advanced before her, and stood up, staring her in the face. At length he made her a very profound bow, and offered a very
awkward

awkward apology for having so much discomposed her—"But I didn't know," said he, "it could have had such an effect on you, as your brother, Mr. Fairfield, is not ordered off. But I am always doing something imprudent," added he, with an expression of countenance which shewed that he thought himself more entitled to condolence than blame for it.

"Young ladies now-a-days," said Mrs. Alsop, "act very strangely; they set up for methodists—they are ready to die away at every little thing that happens. I'm sure I never heard tell of the primitive Christians behaving in such a way, or indeed indulging themselves in weak nerves at all."

"It isn't so bad," said Wilkes, in a soothing tone, to Marian, "as in my hurry I let you think at first; we don't march for a week. I declare I had rather have cut off my finger, than have told you so abruptly; but you
know

know I didn't know you were so much interested."

"Where did you receive your information with regard to our march?" asked I.

"This day," returned he, "at dinner at colonel Osborne's. I had some commissions of Mrs. Osborne's to execute, and did not get in till very late—that is, very late for them, for Mrs. Osborne always likes to be early; indeed, the second course was coming up, and just as Mrs. Osborne had helped me to the wing of a turkey—one that I had bought myself for her, and indeed paid a most extravagant price for, I forget how much, but I have the bill of it somewhere at home; but at any rate, it was an uncommonly fine bird. Well, just as Mrs. Osborne had helped me, and I had put the first bit on my fork, a letter was brought in to colonel Osborne. I could perceive it was about something very particular, for I watched him all the time he

he

he was reading it. As soon as he finished it, he said we were to get the route immediately for Spain—probably before the week was over. So I swallowed my dinner as fast as possible—indeed, I left great part of some orange pudding untasted on my plate, and only took one glass of Madeira with Mrs. Osborne, and two glasses of Vidonia with the colonel, and flew off as fast as possible to tell all the officers. I made them all out, except you, and I could not think where you were: and now, you couldn't guess where I went to look for you?"

"To the Danbys, perhaps?" replied I.

"Oh, indeed, I did go to the Danbys," returned he; "but when I found you were not there, I set off as fast as possible for Mrs. Villiers's villa. I borrowed a horse of the colonel's groom. I went in, and Mrs. Villiers told me you hadn't been there for a long time; she did not tell me the reason, but I thought it very odd; but she was very good-natured

tured to me, and shewed me all the grounds, and made me take coffee with her—I never tasted better in my life. She is a very charming woman: how prettily laid out her grounds are! what beautiful eyes she has! I never saw such orange-trees! I wonder what tooth-powder she uses, for she has the whitest teeth I ever saw in my life. Did you ever observe the little work-table she has in—is that room her study that it's in?—it's made of carved ivory; I dare say you have remarked it.”

I really felt provoked at the way in which Wilkes went on; but I knew he did not do it with an intention of tormenting me. It appeared impossible to me that any other creature could exist, who so little entered into the feelings or characters of those with whom he conversed, or else he would not have given Marian so much pain by his very strange apologies to her. He certainly possessed a great deal of good-nature, and a strong
desire

desire to oblige; but the one was counteracted by a want of *tact*, and the other by an almost impertinent degree of officiousness, and total want of consideration for the feelings of others, when he had an opportunity of indulging that egotism which was the marking feature of his character.

“A thought at length struck me that you were here,” said he, “and I told Mrs. Villiers I was sure I should catch you, for that I believed you were pretty often at Mr. Fairfield’s. I didn’t see any of her drawings, but I intend to call on her some morning before we march; I dare say she’ll shew me some of them. I was very glad to find the geraniums had taken; but I knew they would, for I’m very lucky about plants. There’s one thing I forgot to mention to you—it is, not to say a word to the colonel about what I have told you respecting the route, for I’m sure he’d like to be the first to tell it on parade to-morrow morning.

morning. I'm sure none of the officers will tell him that they know anything about it, and the sergeants promised me positively not to hint it to mortal ; and I don't think he'll visit the hospital before parade in the morning."

"I really thought," said I, "that the colonel knew you were going to acquaint his officers with the news when you left him."

"Oh no," returned he; "I only mentioned that I had very particular business—I didn't say what, but I thought you'd all wish to get the earliest information."

He had by this time complied with Mrs. Fairfield's repeated request that he would be seated, and he seemed to think it absolutely incumbent on him to be as agreeable as possible, by communicating all the news he had been able to collect for the last month; but that which appeared most to excite his interest, and
raise

raise his curiosity, was the marriage of Mr. Danby and donna Olivia.

“ Did you hear,” said he, addressing me, “ that your friend, Mr. Danby, is going to be married immediately to donna Olivia P—— ?”

I told him that I had heard something of it.

“ I assure you it's true,” returned he; “ I had it from the best authority. I always guessed it would be a match; he seemed most desperately in love with her, and she could mind nobody but him. I wonder, is Miss Danby glad? I wonder whether the marriage will be the same as if it took place in England? I don't mean the ceremony, but I wonder whether they'll have wedding-cake to dream on, you know, and white gloves and favours? I never was at a wedding anywhere but in England. Donna Olivia is a very fine young woman. Do you know, has she any fortune?”

After I had confessed my ignorance
on

on this point, he continued—"I dare say she has—the P——'s are a very good family. I wonder, if she has any fortune, how much it is? and whether it is in landed property?"

After having wondered and guessed for a considerable time, he at last followed my example, by bidding the Fairfields good-night.

Mrs. Alsop put herself under our protection, as we should pass the house on which her husband was billeted.

As soon as we had set out, she began—"What a pity it is that these people should be setting up for methodists! it's absolutely quite absurd."

"They do not set up for methodists," said I; "they are very religious, but there is certainly a material difference."

"And what's the difference? If people go wild after newfangled religions, I don't know what you can call them but methodists. I know, for my part of

the matter, I think my own religion a very good one. I think, if one reads the psalms and chapters every day, and does no harm to any body, they needn't be ashamed of their religion. I'm sure it never was intended that we should be stupifying and slaving ourselves, reading methodistical books."

"The Fairfields' reading," said I, "is very extensive, and not confined by any means to works on religious subjects."

"I am sure," returned Mrs. Alsop, "they tease me enough with Cowper's Poems; and after all, it comes out that this very Mr. Cowper was distracted: I'm sure I think those who are filling their heads with his gloomy wanderings are in a fair way to be like him themselves."

"He is," said I, "one of our most charming poets."

"There are some very pretty passages in his poems," said Wilkes; "but I think

think Walter Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, and *The Deserted Village*, a great deal prettier."

Just then we arrived at Mrs. Alsop's house, which put an end to the conversation.

The next morning, on parade, the colonel told us we should have the route to march the end of this, or the beginning of the next week. The news was received with loud cheers by the whole regiment; their caps were lifted up in the air, and the band struck up "God save the King."

CHAPTER VIII.

Unutterable happiness ! which love
Alone bestows, and on a favour'd few !

THOMSON.

“ Well, musha ! and so we’re for marchin into Spain,” said Dermot, entering my room : “ well, good luck to us, wherever we go ! It won’t be such an asy matter as killin the crows at home, but anyhow we’ll do our best, and I know I’ll have the better heart to go forenent the inimy, after what the colonel’s own man tould me.”

“ What did the colonel’s man tell you ?” inquired I.

“ Why he tould me, to be sure, that
you’d

you'd be a very great officer, for that he heard his master say to the major, one day they were after atin their dinner, that any command that a subaltern could get, he'd give it to you before the whole rigiment; and this I had every word from his own man. Troth it's the min would be proud to have you ladin them—for they say there isn't so agreeable a gintleman over them; and how could there? for ar'n't you your father's own son, every bit of you? ay, and your mother's too? It's asy known that you're com of a great Irish family, though it was your look to be born in England. The master's mother was an O'Callaghan, and that's what you may be proud of the longest day you live—ay, and what any man might be proud of; it's no-thing out of nature, sure enough, that you should be: good troth, if you were but to set your foot on Ireland, it's the O'Callaghans that would be all flocking about you, like a swarm of bees, from

the very highest to the very lowest, doin one little turn or other for you. You're not to be givin ear to what that little upstart Delany tells you about Ireland."

I told Dermot, whatever his opinion of Mr. Delany might be, he ought not to speak so of a superior, and an officer.

"I don't know what he's superior in, but impidence; but, anyhow, I niver mintion him but to yourself. He's no more like the Delanys in Ireland than black is to white; he's not like one of the quality at all at all, but just, now. what you might call a little jackeen."

I again begged of Dermot not to be so liberal of his abuse, and tried to prove to him that it was contrary to his duty.

"Well," said he, at last, "I'll spake no more about him; but you may be sure and sartan that there isn't such a fine country in the wide world as Ireland; and though they'd be for makin little of her, sayin that there's nothin but bogs and potaties there, may I never
taste

taste another morsel, if they hav'n't as fine corn-fields, and as beautiful cattle, and as elegant pigs, as any in his majesty's wide dominions."

I assured him that I was convinced of what he said, and he seemed satisfied.

I went to the Fairfields, to inquire for Marian, and was shewn into the room where she was sitting alone.

She betrayed some degree of confusion on seeing me, occasioned naturally by the recollection of the sensibility she had manifested on hearing of my approaching danger.

The conviction of the truth was so delightful to me, that I did not try to combat it, though I can safely affirm, that the discovery which I had made the night before, and which I had some time since almost suspected, had not so much gratified my vanity as my better feelings.

Those who have loved must know the ecstasy of believing the affection re-

turned ; that conviction is in itself an inestimable treasure, that deprives absence of half its pain, and adds additional charms to the prospect of meeting. The sentiments which Mrs. Villiers's regard inspired me with, even when I supposed her mind as charming as her person, were far different : her love appeared like some badge of distinction, which was to be displayed to gratify my own vanity, and win the admiration of those who surrounded me. But the love of Marian was like the faithful talisman concealed in the bosom, too sacred for common eyes, too dear for common observation.

“ Marian,” said I, “ I am going to leave you.”

“ Yes,” said she, endeavouring to smile, while her beautiful eyes were filled with tears.

“ Perhaps,” resumed I, “ I may never have the happiness of seeing you again.”

“ Do not speak so,” interrupted she,
while

while the tears, which had lingered in her eyes, stole down her cheeks—"do not speak so! trust in him who is mighty in battle, and who is your defence and shield."

"I do," said I; "and I feel the most delightful presentiment that I shall return, and enjoy that society which I prize beyond all earthly blessings."

We were now both of us silent for a few moments.—"Marian," at length said I, "it is now no time to dissemble—I came for the very purpose of opening my heart to you, that heart of which you are the dear and only mistress! How happy, I cannot say how supremely happy it would make me, to hear from your lips that my affections were not displeasing to you, and that, at some future period, I might hope to call you mine—to call you my own Marian!"

Marian blushed deeply, but held out her hand to me.

I need scarcely say with how much delight I took it, and pressed it to my lips and heart.

She said to me, while her voice trembled with confusion and agitation—"I should ill deserve the privilege of following him whom I profess to believe, were I capable of deceiving you for one moment. I confess, then, that better than any thing on earth—that next to Heaven—I love you !"

I need not attempt to describe my rapture and my gratitude ; those who have loved will easily conceive it—those who havenot are incapable of understanding it.

"Do not think," said Marian, "that my affection for you is a mere fancy, depending on your manners and accomplishments. No, I trust it is that affection which has a surer foundation. I know we serve the same master ; we both know the reason of the hope that is within us ; we are acquainted with the
necessity

necessity of Christian faith, and the extent of Christian duty, and are both ready to assist each other in seeking that strength which will make us strong unto salvation—that help which will enable us to perform all our duties, sacred and moral.”

I agreed to all she said : alas ! I little knew, that while I thought my soul elevated by devotion, it was merely intoxicated with the ecstasy of hearing Marian address me as her lover, and her destined husband.

Two hours passed, and seemed but as so many minutes, so entirely was my mind occupied with those scenes of future happiness which I was discussing with her I loved.

I left her at length, with a promise that my absence should be as short as possible, for that I would see her early in the evening.

As I walked home, my feet appeared scarcely to touch the ground. I believe

all the acquaintances I had in the world might have passed me, without my being the least conscious of it.

I found a note from Miss Danby, requesting to see me early the following morning, on most particular business. I determined to wait on her; but mentally exclaimed, with no small degree of exultation—"I am glad she did not want to see me this evening, as I could not possibly have attended her."

When I returned to the Fairfields in the evening, I perceived, by the manner of her brother and sister, that Marian had acquainted them with what had passed between us in the morning. They were still kinder to me than usual.

Marian's manners toward me were more confiding than ever. I felt in the highest spirits, and I believe we both forgot the near approach of our separation.

It seems to me, upon recollection, as
if

if I had thought that week was to have lasted for ever.

CHAPTER IX.



For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord, and continual strife?

SHAKESPEARE.

THE next morning, according to appointment, I waited on Miss Danby. I found her extremely low in spirits, and looking very ill.

“Dear Mr. St. Lawrence,” said she, “I sent for you to speak of this most detestable affair, for there is no other creature I can speak to on the subject.”

I really felt quite grieved for her, as she exclaimed, bursting into tears—
“My heart is almost broken—my poor Alick is completely taken in! he, as well
well

well as I, had hopes that the marching off to Spain would at once have put a stop to this vexatious business : but no, it is no such thing, and has even made matters worse, for it has deprived us of that time during which we might have devised something which might have been effectual. I never saw poor Alick so cast down as he is to-day, for he never thought he was completely in for it till now; nor indeed did I. Be so good as to go to the door, and see that the coast is clear. Well, shut it, and come over. I must speak softly, for fear of being overheard. Now I must tell you that poor dear Alick would willingly fight the whole P—— family, if he was allowed to do so fairly, for he has a great deal of courage; but there are other means of revenge, which we dread infinitely more than a hundred duels—means that there is no possibility of being guarded against; and the family is so large, and so popular here, that we have every reason
to

to be apprehensive. Besides, the Portuguese have the character of being a most vindictive people. Now Alick could leave the regiment, and get back to England ; but then he would be branded as a coward, for leaving it just on the eve of its being called out into action ; and any thing, he thinks, would be preferable to that.

“ Then again, I thought of his reading his recantation, and then donna Olivia would not think of him—nor would any of her family ; but Alick won’t agree to this, for he knows my uncle would disinherit us *both*, if he were to change his religion. He is a very violent man, and has so identified us together, that for whatever one does, that is displeasing to him, the other is equally blamed and punished. Besides, it would be impossible to convince the obstinate creature that I had not converted Alick, though, Heaven knows, we never tease each other with our religious opinions ;

opinions; we have both liberality enough to know that every body is at liberty to go to heaven their own way.

“ My father was a Roman Catholic, and made an agreement with my mother, who was a Protestant, that their sons should be brought up in the Roman Catholic, and their daughters in the Protestant persuasion. This never was the least cause of disagreement between Alick and me; but I do not know what violent controversies might not have been in our family, if we had had any brothers and sisters.

“ Alick says he would willingly relinquish his own property, to escape the cruel misfortune of such a marriage; yet he will not consent that I should be a loser on his account, though I have assured him, over and over again, that I would rather give up every penny I was entitled to in the world, than that he should sacrifice himself. He remains generously obstinate to this last proposal

sal of mine ; but he *is obstinate* when he has once made up his mind on a subject. Heaven knows, though he has painted our living on his half-pay, when ~~the war~~ is over, in such a ludicrous manner, I think it would be a thousand times preferable to splendid misery.

“ I’m sure, were I Alick, I should have no scruple as to reading my recantation, for I think it signifies very little, if one does their duty, which they go to, church or chapel, or whether they eat salmon or beef on Friday ; and if they do *not* do their duty, I am sure it would be of very little use, if they were to go to every chapel in Lisbon, from morning till night, and eat every morsel of fish in the Tagus. Alick is no bigot, and used to accompany me to church constantly, when I was in England.”

“ This is a very unpleasant situation indeed,” said I, “ that your brother is in ; but perhaps, before the campaign is over,
some

some means of avoiding this marriage may occur."

"There is the mischief," said she, "and what I was going to mention to you. No sooner did the P——s hear that the regiment was going out, than don Juan hurried here to Alick, and insists on the marriage taking place immediately. They pretend to a vast deal of dignity, and to satisfy that, poor Alick must give up his happiness. I did tell him, at the commencement of his flirtation with donna Olivia, that I was afraid he would commit himself. I declare I think I should have been less provoked if he had been obliged to marry one of the Fillagrees. And it vexes me, too, that I can't laugh at her any more, for you know I would not quiz Alick's wife, let her be ever so bad."

Though I could not say any thing calculated to console her, it seemed to be a great satisfaction to her to speak to me on the subject; and, before I left her,
her

her spirits got up very much, and she would willingly have whiled away some more time, in ridiculing Mrs. Castles and the Fillagrees.

As I was returning home, I met Wilkes, who appeared very much hurried. — “ Oh,” said he, running up to me, “ I am delighted to see you ! if you will come with me, I will shew you donna Olivia’s jewels—the jewels she is to wear at her wedding. The jeweller very obligingly shewed them to me, and, I dare say, would let you see them. They are very magnificent ; I’m sure she must have a large fortune ; I think I’ll find out, however. I dare say you’ll be at the wedding. I wish I knew donna Olivia well, and maybe she’d ask me. This is the way to the jeweller’s—Won’t you come ?”

He was greatly surprised at my declining his offer ; he would have spent some time in wondering why I would
not

not go, but that Mr. Biggs came up to us.

He was so loud and so vehement in his manner, that it was some time before Wilkes could get him to hear him; however, when at length he was silent, Wilkes commenced an attack on him; he requested him to accompany him to see donna Olivia's jewels and ornaments, which seemed to give him as much pleasure as if they had been all fancied by himself.

"I don't care if I do," said Biggs, "though I dare say I should think nothing of them. I have seen such diamonds! diamonds as large, very nearly as large as an egg! The Pigot diamond was very fine."

I had perceived, the very first time I was in company with Mr. Biggs, that any thing which he heard praised he declared far inferior to something of the same nature which he had seen, and
which

which he believed and hoped nobody else in company had met with.

“ I assure you,” returned Wilkes, “ I never saw such as donna Olivia’s.”

“ Oh, I dare say they are very *fair*,” said Biggs ; “ but I have seen such exquisite brilliants—of the first water, in fact ; splendid beyond any conception you can form of them.”

Wilkes looked quite vexed, and said —“ Well, really you ought not to judge of donna Olivia’s diamonds till you see them.”

“ There you’re down on me,” interrupted Biggs, with a loud discordant laugh, “ you’re down on me there : but come, as I have nothing else to do, I’ll accompany you.”

CHAPTER X.

My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.

SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN I went up to my room, I found Raymond writing a note to me.

“ I came,” said he, “ to tell you a piece of news, which I am sure will give you pleasure ; it is, that I have been able to exchange into the regiment to which you belong. Mr. C—— is in delicate health, and the surgeon has told him, it will probably be fatal to him, if he exposes himself to the fatigues of a march through Spain. With great reluctance he has given up the
idea

idea of going, and I have effected an exchange with him ; and I shall be gratified by immediately going on service, and serving under the same colours with you. But, Henry, you look thoughtful."

" Oh no," said I ; " but I was thinking—I was thinking that the Sandfords would not wish you to leave Lisbon while they remained here."

" They do not," said he, half smiling, " but I have persuaded them ; they are satisfied. Now tell me, Henry, that you are glad that we are brother-officers ?"

" Certainly," returned I, in the most constrained manner—" certainly."

" Ah," said he, " Henry, I cannot help perceiving a sad alteration in your manner to me ; our meetings are become unfrequent and cold."

" I am surprised, Raymond," said I, " that you, above all persons, should give way to idle imaginations."

" Imaginations !"

“Imaginations!” repeated he. “Henry, you have often told me it was my fault that I had so little imagination, that I could not pardon the least indulgence of it in another.”

“It is that which makes me feel so much surprise: I really cannot accuse myself of any unkindness to you—but I do not think you very confiding or kind to me.”

“I knew,” said Raymond, “you had misjudged me, in some way, from your manner: what have I done to deserve that you should suppose my feelings towards you less kind than they used to be?”

“Oh, nothing,” said I; and then recollecting the reports which I had heard of Miss Sandford, and which I believed, I added—“Yes, you have given me a proof of great want of confidence—from every creature that I know in Lisbon, and even before I arrived here, I was

told that there was an engagement subsisting between you and Miss Sandford : this I had from strangers, for you thought them more worthy of your confidence than your friend."

"No, you wrong me—I confided in no one, for it was Dora's wish that I should not speak on the subject; and if it has been spoken of, it is merely by guess. You should certainly have been the very first to have heard it, had I been at liberty to mention it. May I not reproach you on the same grounds? I have heard," added he, smiling, "that you love, and are loved; and yet you never told me one word of this: but I was not offended with you, for I felt convinced that I should have been one of the first to whom you would have spoken on the subject, if you had not some good reason for not mentioning it to any one."

I now felt embarrassed, for I had totally

tally forgotten that Raymond could bring exactly the same charge against me which I did against him.

“ Oh,” said I, “ you are so much more reasonable than I am ; really I should have entrusted you with my secret, if you had thought my confidence worth possessing, or any thing I could say worth listening to.”

Raymond was silent for some moments ; at length he stood up—“ Henry, you grieve me to the heart !—Why cannot we still be friends ? Born close to each other—educated together—now by chance again meeting, in a strange country—going to fight under the same banners—exposed to the same dangers—and is it now that our friendship is to be sacrificed to foolish whim, or unfounded suspicion ?”

I saw that Raymond felt much sorrow, and a little anger, as he spoke thus, and I could not help accusing myself of the greatest injustice, in speaking so to

a person who had never given me reason to address him but with the tenderest affection.

“Forgive me, Raymond!” exclaimed I, in the moment of my contrition; “forgive me, Raymond, and I will never again deserve, by foolish suspicions, to lose your friendship, which I prize as one of the dearest blessings I possess.”

Raymond’s ever-ready hand was instantly locked in mine; and he assured me he would not think of what had passed.

I felt an extreme degree of mortification in the idea of Raymond’s being in the same regiment with me. I already anticipated his being the favourite with the officers and soldiers—his distinguishing himself—his recommending himself particularly to the notice of our commanding officer.

I tried to banish these tormenting visions, by accusing myself of injustice in thinking so of a person deserving my warmest

warmest esteem ; but my reason was completely conquered by my feelings, and I could not think of his exchange into the regiment with common patience.

CHAPTER XI.

Sure, of all arts sagacious dupes invent,
To cheat themselves and gain the world's ascent,
The worst is—scripture warp'd from its intent.

COWPER

To relieve my chagrin, I took up my hat, and set out to the Fairfields. When I arrived there, I found Marian alone.

“My brother and sister are gone out,” said she; “but I waited at home, as I felt certain that you would call on me this morning.”

I felt so flattered by this frankness of Marian, that insensibly the unpleasant sensations which occupied my mind subsided, and I allowed myself to be happy.

“We

“We have much to say,” added she, “and have but a very short time to be together——”

“But we shall soon, very soon meet again,” interrupted I.

“I trust we shall,” replied she, raising her beautiful eyes to heaven, and remaining silent for a moment.

I felt that she was breathing a mental prayer for my safe return, and the most mournful feelings for a few moments pervaded my mind. I saw the tears trickling down Marian’s cheeks, but in a moment she brushed them away with her hand.

“Forgive me,” said she; “I know this weakness is quite unworthy of a soldier’s sister—of—a soldier’s wife.” As she spoke the last words with some effort, her cheeks became crimsoned with blushes.

I pressed her hand to my bosom—
“Dear, dear Marian!” said I, “with
G 4 what

what delight I anticipate the day, when you shall indeed be a soldier's wife!"

"And yet," said she, "Henry, that day may never arrive. You are going to brave death in one of its most unsparing forms; and I, though I am now quite restored to health, do not know but that I may again have a return of that disorder, which generally terminates fatally: but whether you fall, or I should not live to meet you, let us remember, that it is His will who called us into existence; for He is about our path, and is ever with us, and if he permit our life to close, it is doubtless for some wise purpose; but if He spare us to see each other, I trust we shall never forget who upheld you in the day of battle.—My dear friend," said she, after a pause of a few moments, "I have a little token for you: it is my own picture, I brought from England for my brother, and he says, as you are going to
leave

leave us, it might be a comfort to you to have it; and I think," added she, with a smile, "it may prevent your forgetting me."

"A thousand and a thousand thanks!" said I, eagerly seizing it, and opening the case. I gazed on the exquisitely-finished miniature of Marian with delight—"Oh, that enchanting expression of sensibility and modesty! how wonderfully like it is!" continued I, kissing it unconsciously, till a smile and a blush of Marian's brought me a little to my recollection. "Marian!" said I, placing the miniature in my bosom, "this shall be my companion and my consolation till we meet again."

Fortunately the miniature was safely deposited, for the door opened, and Mrs. Alsop, accompanied by Mrs. and Miss Fillagree (with whom she had got acquainted), made her appearance.—"Miss Fairfield, I protest, *tête-à-tête* with Mr.

St. Lawrence!" cried she, "and all the good books upon the shelves! But I hope, however, that you are better to-day?"

"Dear Miss Fairfield," said Mrs. Filagree, "isn't this a sad thing?—all our officers ordered off, and Heaven knows whether they'll ever come back to us. We might as well be at the back of a mountain as here, once they're gone—so dull and so lonely, I'm sure we'll do nothing but sleep till they come back—that is, if they do come back. I'm sure I wish the nasty French would stay quietly at home, and mind their own business in their own country. I remark, that the very time they talk of for advancing is just on the eve of some pleasant party; Mrs. Cecill's cards were written, and ready to be sent out. As Maria says, it really seems as if it was on purpose to prevent one's amusement, that they go on with their tormenting and teasing.

teasing. I'm sure I hope they'll all be killed, or taken prisoners, before poor Mr. Fillagree comes back."

"You can't think," said Miss Fillagree, "how shocked we all were when we heard the news! Papa was out, and though I assure you he returned in a quarter of an hour after we heard it, mamma had cried so much that she wet three beautiful French cambric handkerchiefs with her tears——"

"No wonder," interrupted Mrs. Fillagree, "it is enough to provoke a saint; we can never feel sure of dear Mr. Fillagree's company; I'm always expecting some order."

"Do you know," again resumed Miss Fillagree, "when I heard papa was to go, I was cutting out bias sleeves for my pink satin; I gave it a slash across and spoilt them! Maria said it was Mr. Wilkes's fault, for he was holding the sleeves for me, and she says he let them go; but I think it was my hand that

shook : but at all events, the pink^h satin is not to be matched in all Lisbon, for Wilkes tried for me—indeed it's a very uncommon shade of pink."

"Don't be uneasy about that, my dear," cried Mrs. Fillagree; "you know Mr. Fillagree has promised to bring me some Spanish silk, for it's a thousand times better than the Portuguese, and we'll give him a bit of the pink satin for a pattern; I'm sure he'll be able to match it, for I dare say they'll go over half Spain before they come back to us; and if your poor dear father escapes, you may rely on the bias sleeves."

"At any rate," said Mrs. Alsop, "there's no use in fretting; that has been my maxim all my life—indeed if it had not, I do not know where poor Mr. Alsop and I would have been now."

"But one can't help being uneasy," said Mrs. Fillagree; "and then the poor girls will lead such a moping life while their father is away, for almost all our
friends

friends belong to the regiment. I'm almost sorry I did not keep them at some watering-place in England during the war; but we would come over with Mr. Fillagree."

"It's as well," said Mrs. Alsop, "that the young people should see a little of the world, particularly as they have sense enough not to be methodists. For my part of the matter, there's nothing I hate so much as a young methodist; an old one is bad enough, but a young one is a thousand times worse, and more unnatural."

"Thank Heaven, my girls were never given that way!" said Mrs. Fillagree.

"They are too well brought up," returned Mrs. Alsop. "I'm sure there never was any thing more true or better in scripture, than 'be not righteous over much.' I forget whereabouts it is, but it's certainly somewhere in the Bible."

"That text is strangely misconceived," said Marian. "I think its meaning was
to

to prevent too great a stress being laid on the outward forms and ceremonies of religion, and too great a reliance on our own self-righteousness; for surely we cannot suppose it so unaccountable a contradiction, as to warn us against that entire devotion of mind, and holiness of life, so much enjoined in every page of scripture."

"I bar scripture quotations," interrupted Mrs. Alsop; "you know we can all read our Bibles, when we like it ourselves; my time for it is immediately after breakfast—a chapter in the Old, and a chapter in the New Testament. I always keep the middle of the day and the evening free, as I am sure it was the *intention* of Providence we should do so."

"You may recollect, madam," said Marian, "that it was you, and not I, who made the quotation."

"Well, suppose I did, Miss Fairfield," returned Mrs. Alsop, "I'm sure it's no habit

habit of mine. I do not recollect ever quoting another passage ; it's both vulgar and ill-bred, and indeed pedantic, to be putting forward our scripture learning ; I am sure I always avoid any thing of the sort——”

“ Only think, Miss Fairfield,” interrupted Miss Fillagrec, “ of the people in some parts of Spain wearing wooden shoes, as I have been told ! How very hideous they must be ! I don't think they can dance in them. For my part, I thought, before I left England, that they never wore any thing but the glazed leather—what we call Spanish, you know. I'm sure I think it rather hard that our troops should be obliged to fight for such uncivilized creatures, that don't even wear shoes fit for rational beings.”

Mr. and Mrs. Fairfield returned, accompanied by Wilkes. Again Mrs. Fillagrec bemoaned the loss of her husband's company and Mrs. Cecill's party—again Miss Fillagrec recounted the disaster

aster of the bias sleeves, her hopes that the colour of the satin might be matched, and her fears that it would perhaps be impossible. Her mother tried again to console her, by assuring her that her father would in all probability go all over Spain before he returned to his affectionate family, and would undoubtedly be able to match it somewhere.

Mr. Wilkes assured them both that no exertions on his part should be wanting.

“At any rate,” said Mrs. Alsop, “there’s not the least use in fretting—it can’t mend the matter; we must all meet with losses and crosses, and we must bear them. I’m sure Mr. Alsop has often been ordered off at a moment’s warning, and I didn’t know if ever I’d see him again; and yet nobody ever knew that I shed a tear, for I was resolved not to fret, let what would happen. Nobody has any business to marry into the army, who is ready to faint away every moment.”

I did

I did not venture to look near Marian after this ill-bred and unfeeling allusion ; I myself felt so indignant, and so much confused, that I guessed very well what her feelings were.

When I returned home, I found an invitation from the P——s, to be at the wedding of donna Olivia and Mr. Danby, and the following note from Miss Danby :—

“ You are invited to donna Olivia’s wedding ; I am not quite certain whether it is intended as a compliment to Alick that all his acquaintances are asked, or whether it is meant that the slight which he put upon her before them all should be atoned for in their presence ; the latter, I am inclined to believe. But at all events, do not fail to come, as there will not be another creature with us to whom I can say a single word. Poor Alick is surprisingly well,
and

and *resigned*. For my part, I am wretched, and cannot see any of the buckram family with common patience."

CHAPTER XII.

Oh ! and I forsooth in love !—

I, that have been love's whip !—

A very beadle to a humourous sigh !—

A critic—nay, a night-watch constable !

— — — — —

What, I !—I love !—I sue !—I seek a wife !

SHAKESPEARE.

WILKES was in the greatest flurry imaginable when he found that he was invited to the wedding, and ran about Lisbon for two days, telling every creature he knew of the fortunate occurrence, and praising all the P—— family to the most extravagant degree, particularly donna Olivia.

The

The company was very numerous, and the entertainment in the English style, and very magnificent. All donna Olivia's connexions, to the twentieth cousin, I believe, were present; and the number of domestics, both old and young, who were exhibited on the occasion, was something which quite surprised a person accustomed to reside in England.

Mrs. Castles, and Mrs. and the Miss Filagrees, were glad to have a good excuse for enjoying themselves, as they all agreed that it would be the most improper thing in the world to have doleful faces at a wedding.

I watched the Danbys very closely; I thought them so much entitled to compassion, that I felt the most lively interest for them. Mr. Danby appeared rather agitated, which he tried to conceal by hurrying from one person to another all the evening, and talking very fast, and laughing very loud.

“ Well,”

“ Well,” said Miss Danby, who had got me beside her, and who could not be serious even in her vexation, “ did you ever see any thing so stiff as donna Olivia is this evening ? I think the profusion of her ornaments has, if possible, added to the self-consequence of her look and manner. Do you know, she, donna Matilda, and her brother don Juan, always remind me of poker, shovel, and tongs—not indeed that I’d like them for my fireside companions ; but she is so straight, and so stiff, and so cold ; and as for donna Matilda, she looks as if she did nothing but root among the ashes—these Portuguese are dirty wretches ; and don Juan, do now look at him—all legs—the very image of a pair of tongs.”

I could not help smiling at what Miss Danby said, as she directed my eyes towards don Juan.

Miss Godfrey, looking more penseroso than ever, now accosted her—“ Is not this overwhelming news,” said she,
“ that

“ that our friends are all ordered to be in readiness to march? Alas ! it shews us how uncertain all our enjoyments are ! My dear uncle Cecill is going ; you may conceive my affliction. I am sure I never closed my eyes all night thinking of him ; and my pillow this morning was actually bathed in tears. I have begun a lament for him, which I mean to set to music. I give his character, allude to the probability of his falling in battle, and then describe what all our feelings will be on the melancholy occasion.”

This display of affected sensibility appeared to me as unfeeling as the palpable carelessness of Mrs. Castles and Mrs. Fillagree.

“ But how goes on your novel ? ” inquired Miss Danby.

“ I have not been able,” returned she, “ to hold a pen but for the lament, since I heard the afflictive intelligence.”

“ I long of all things to hear it,” said Miss Danby.

“ I meant,”

“ I meant,” returned she, “ to have had a reading for you all when it was finished ; but this scheme must be relinquished for the present—I am very sad!”

Miss Danby gave me a look which almost overset my gravity.

Miss Godfrey continued—“ The plot of my little work is, I think, new ; and, I trust, I am working it up tolerably well. I read it for my cousin ; she was delighted. Yet I don’t know—but certainly there’s a great deal of sentiment in it.”

“ What is the plot ?” asked Miss Danby ; “ I should wish of all things to hear it.”

“ Well then,” said she, languishing very much, “ my hero, who was born blind, and is very fascinating, falls in love with my heroine, who was born deaf and dumb, and is very interesting. I describe all that he says, and that she thinks, I believe, with some little effect. He repeats some lines which he composed

posed on her, at the conclusion of the first volume—it's a pretty way, you know, of taking leave at the end of a volume."

"Oh, let us hear the lines by all means," said Miss Danby.

"I fear I cannot immediately recollect them," answered Miss Godfrey; "but I know they begin—

'Why, oh Heavens! can't I see?

Hear and speak why cannot she?"

Miss Godfrey was interrupted by Wilkes, who advanced, saying—"That's a very pretty poem—I forget whose it is; I believe it's in Pope's Works;" but seeing Miss Danby smile, he instantly recanted—"I am pretty sure it is not Pope's—Oh! I declare, maybe it's your own?"

Miss Godfrey, as usual, did not appear to hear one word he said. He then turned to Miss Danby—"How handsome donna Olivia looks to-night! How very rich and superb her dress is! She is a
very

very charming young woman. Your brother is a fortunate man—a most delightful family they are to be sure! I'm certain she has several thousand pounds worth of diamonds on. She must have a very large fortune."

To this Miss Danby made no answer; and Wilkes, whose curiosity relative to donna Olivia's fortune was raised to the highest pitch, was determined, if possible, to compel Miss Danby to mention the exact amount of it—"Her necklace itself must be very valuable," continued he: "how much do you suppose it may be worth?"

"I never thought about it," said Miss Danby, provoked at his inquisitive impertinence.

"She has no diamonds of her own," said he, in an under voice to me, attributing her laconic manner of answering him entirely to envy; "but," added he, "I'll find out for you whether she is rich or not."

“Do not give yourself the least trouble on my account,” replied I; “I am perfectly satisfied to remain in ignorance on the subject.”

“And you so intimate with the Danbys?” cried he. “Now I’m sure you’re anxious to know;” then pausing for a moment, he added—“but maybe they told you—Ah! sure you’d tell me.”

I assured him I could give him no information whatever on the subject. The difficulty which he found in ascertaining the fact so considerably increased his desire of satisfying his curiosity, that he now seemed to look upon it as a matter of the most vital consequence, and he again renewed his attack on Miss Danby.

“I believe the P——s are a rich family—at least I have heard so—indeed I have been told so by people who ought to know; and they certainly entertain very handsomely. I think they must be rich.” He paused between every sentence, in expectation of an answer from
Miss

Miss Danby, but was disappointed, for she was half vexed at what she would have only laughed at another time.

“ I wish we could get rid of this little impertinent,” said she to me.

But her wishes for the present were unavailing, for he went on—“ There are a great many people here to-night, who would be very glad to know whether donna Olivia had a large fortune. I heard a number of persons say they hoped she had, for your brother’s sake.”

“ They are very considerate,” said Miss Danby.

“ They are indeed,” replied Wilkes, not at all perceiving that she had spoken ironically, “ they are indeed; and I’m sure they would be delighted to know exactly how much she has.”

“ I have no doubt of it,” returned Miss Danby.

Wilkes had evidently flattered himself that he was just on the point of being

gratified; he was now mortified beyond measure at his disappointment.—“To tell you the truth, they bid me ask you,” said he.

“Ask me!” returned she, looking contemptuously at him. “Well, tell them from me, that if donna Olivia’s fortune be equal to their impertinence, she is the richest woman in Christendom.”

Wilkes, now almost driven to despair, could not give up the hopes of clearing up his doubts without making one more desperate effort.—“To tell you the truth,” said he, “what makes me so anxious to know is, that I have reason to suspect that there is a large wager depending on the subject.”

“It is quite intolerable,” said she. “I am angry with myself for being vexed, but to-night I am not quite in tune for all this; but I must get rid of him.—See, Mr. Wilkes, how angry donna

na

na Olivia looks with you for not going near her ; such neglect of a bride is quite unpardonable."

" I declare it is very likely she may be affronted with me ;" and away he skipped, and contrived to force his way up to donna Olivia, through the circle of friends who surrounded her.

" This is excellent," said Miss Danby, " and really makes up to me for a little annoyance. I am sure donna Olivia will petrify him with her disdainful looks. How delightfully indignant his impertinent folly will make her ! Come over till we try to hear what he says."

" I tell you, Maria, her gown is certainly crape," said Miss Fillagree, who had got as near donna Olivia as she could.

" I assure you it is not," said Miss Maria, " for when I was wishing her by, I put my hand on her arm on purpose to try, and it certainly was not crape."

“Well now, indeed, I think you must have been mistaken,” rejoined Miss Filagree; “I wish I had bid Mr. Wilkes try.”

It was soon very apparent that donna Olivia was willing to give up the pleasure of Wilkes’s company, and all his attempts to extort replies to his various queries proved completely ineffectual; she looked at him with the most undisguised contempt, and walked haughtily away from him, to as great a distance as she could; while he hurried from group to group through the room, extolling the condescension and affability of donna Olivia.

“Mr. Biggs is pretending to speak Spanish and Portuguese,” said Miss Danby; “he scarcely understands a sentence of what he speaks himself, and no one else understands a word. It is really diverting to see with what gravity that Spanish officer listens to him, and how evidently he answers at random. Poor soul !

soul ! how his head must ache ; for indeed we may fairly say of Biggs, while

‘ He gives the bastinado with his tongue,
Our ears are cudgell’d.’

But, for Heaven’s sake, look near the door !”

I turned my head, and perceived Mrs. Villiers in close conversation with general V——. I feared that any pleasure which I might have promised myself during the evening was now at an end.

“ To my mind,” said Miss Danby, “ that creature, Marian Fairfield, is a thousand times more beautiful ; her beauty does not surprise you so much, but it wins upon you much more. But Mrs. Villiers is a beauty by profession, and Miss Fairfield by nature.”

I agreed perfectly with Miss Danby, and acknowledged, had I never seen either, my eyes would first rest on Mrs. Villiers, but once being fixed on Marian,

it would be more difficult to remove them.

“But you are a lover, and speak as one,” said Miss Danby; “I found you out long since by your eyes, and a hundred tongues have since confirmed my suspicions. But come now, don’t look so grave—I’m not going to scold you for not having made me your confidant; but when you leave her, I will watch over this beautiful and delicate flower, and perhaps the novelty of my nonsense may a little dispel the shade which threatens it.”

She said this in her usual laughing manner, but I took it as an earnest of the attention she meant to bestow on Marian during my absence, and I gratefully pressed her hand.

“Don’t touch my hand, I entreat of you,” said she, “when Mrs. Villiers looks near us, if you do not wish to see my eyes torn out. I really believe

believe she is making a set at general V——'s heart."

"That, I should think," said I, "would be totally unsuccessful."

"I beg your pardon," returned she; "though the general is *no flirt*, I assure you he is very fond of the ladies, and would be easily taken in. I myself know of one very extraordinary adventure in which he was engaged. Remind me some day, and I will give you an account of the Italian lady—it is very romantic, and I have often thought that Mrs. Villiers is the only person who could fill her place."

"You surprise me," said I; "I never should have suspected the general's heart of being in danger from any thing except a cannon-ball."

"Nor should it," resumed she: "a commanding officer should have no passion but glory—no interest but honour. I assure you, if one of our little ensigns loved as he has loved, he ought to be

drummed out of the regiment as unfit for service."

"So you think love incompatible with our duty as soldiers?" said I.

"Quite," returned she. "How do I know, but when you should be drilling your men, you may be regretting your mistress—when you should be drawing the plan of a battle, you are writing a sonnet to her eyebrow—and when you should be thinking of rewarding or encouraging your men, the only plunder you are bent on may be the plunder of your mistress's affections, and the only siege into which you enter with spirit, that which you lay to a fair lady's heart? Indeed, a soldier and a lover are a complete contradiction in terms."

"I think we ought to be a little angry at your depriving us of what constitutes the greatest happiness in life."

"Oh, I think you might be in love when the war was over; but then none of you can marry, you are so miserably
poor

poor with nothing but your half-pay. But the fact is, when a regiment is on duty, you have as much to do as is necessary, and have no idle time for falling in love, unless you do steal it from your duty. Don't you think mounting guard, and being relieved, and marching, and parading, and saluting, and giving the word sometimes, and seeing that the men keep themselves clean, and are sober, and eat and drink enough, full occupation for the fools that you see every day in the army? And then, when they are at home, cleaning their belts, seeing their shoes polished, folding up their epaulets in silver paper, and unfolding them again?"

"And do you suppose we never do more than what you describe?" said I.

"A great many of you do not," answered she, "I am convinced: some of you, indeed, are beginning to rationalize a little since you have come to Portugal

and Spain ; and by the time that half the legs and arms in the regiment are gone, I dare say you will be very sensible good sort of men."

" A pleasant prospect you hold out to us," replied I.

" Why, don't you know that the loss of limbs is the soldier's reward?" returned she: " if you lose an arm, your fortune is made; and the ladies will admire you much more when you are all covered with scars—at least, they will think you an *interesting creature*."

" Well," returned I, " I believe a great many among us would be satisfied to forego their admiration upon such terms."

" I assure you," said she, " I have seen a man more vain of a wooden stump than the greatest coxcomb in London would be of the finest-shaped leg."

" Who has got a wooden stump?" said Wilkes, again advancing to fasten
on

on Miss Danby, and having just caught her last words—"who has got a wooden stump?"

"The grand inquisitor," returned she.

"I never heard it before," said he; "it's a great pity, poor man! Don't Miss Cecill look beautiful to-night? She has taken off her mourning: I think it's a very great improvement."

Miss Cecill came over just as Wilkes spoke of her, and after the usual salutations, she told Miss Danby that, in compliment to her brother and the bride, she had discarded her mourning—"And so I do not think I shall resume it again, it is such an unpleasant dress, and I'm sure, in all conscience, I have worn it a sufficient time."

"Indeed you have," returned Miss Danby; "I think the moment one feels it to be a disagreeable dress they should throw it off."

"To tell you the truth," said Miss Cecill, "my chief reason for wishing to
get

get rid of it was, that I found our ladies all agreeing that it was very improper for any one to dance in black gloves and stockings. You know I never do any thing out of course—indeed, if I was so inclined, my mamma and papa would not let me; so I have been obliged to sit looking on, when I would have given the world to have danced; and it was a thousand times more provoking to me to see my cousin Godfrey always dancing, and learning all the Spanish boleros and fandangos. If I had had presence of mind to recollect the foolish etiquette about black gloves and stockings, I never would have put on mourning: and here, this very night, I make a vow never to put it on again till I'm obliged."

Mrs. Villiers curtsied to Miss Danby. I bowed to her, but received no return to my salutation. At first I thought she did not see me, but I soon perceived that she was determined to treat me as if I was a total stranger. But whenever
my

my eyes accidentally met hers, I could trace the strongest expression of indignation in her looks: but however, I felt much better pleased that her anger to me should be marked by silence than betrayed by upbraidings, or vented in reproaches. I was sorry to see that general V—— appeared quite fascinated by her. It seemed by no means lost on her, for she had an air of triumph when she looked at or addressed him.

“Do you know,” said Wilkes, “I heard two Portuguese ladies talking about donna Olivia. I don’t understand the language well, but however I could make out, that donna Olivia was to have taken the veil: what a pity it would have been that that beautiful charming creature should have been a nun! It was very lucky that your brother happened to meet her so soon.”

Mr. Danby now came over to his sister, and said—“Harriet, if you have a mind for a high scene, go over to that card-table,

card-table, and hear Biggs teaching those Portuguese officers the game. They are perhaps the best players in Europe, and he does not know much of it. He is speaking to them, in the most vociferous manner, a jargon that I defy man, woman, or child, to understand: it seems a composition of Italian, bad French, English, Portuguese, and something he calls Spanish; but at any rate, they don't at all amalgamate. The officers are listening in silent astonishment, and look as if they thought him quite distracted."

"He is the most conceited creature breathing," said she. "I have heard him give a professor of music lessons on the science of music, and I doubt whether he even knows how to whistle. I have heard him explain the rules of drawing to one of the most accomplished painters of the day. I have heard him teach law to a judge, divinity to an archbishop, military tactics to a general, and physic to Dr. —."

"Oh

“ Oh, I think he’s very clever,” said Wilkes.

“ He is a great politician too,” said Mr. Danby, “ and I believe he thinks the loudness of his arguments will make up for their want of force in another way. He is very high to-night, and, I think, must remind the poor inhabitants of Lisbon of what their city suffered in the dreadful earthquake of 1755.”

I have heard of that earthquake,” said Wilkes; “ I believe the new town was built after it. Gracious me! there’s Mrs. Villiers, I declare! Have you been speaking to her?” said he, turning to me; and then, to Miss Danby—“ Do you know, I think she’s by far the handsomest woman in the room.”

Miss Danby laughed, and said—“ You should have kept that for *her* private information, and, above all things, should not have communicated it to any other woman.”

“ Oh,” said he, bowing solemnly to Mr.

Mr. Danby, "donna Olivia is an'exception, you know. I believe you would find it a difficult matter to see a finer woman, or a more agreeable affable one either—at least I have always found her so."

"I am sure," said Miss Danby, "you are a particular favourite with her. I could perceive how edified she appeared by your conversation."

"Indeed she seemed quite attentive to what I was saying to her," said he.

"Evidently," replied Miss Danby; "for she did not, I believe, interrupt you once while you spoke. I fancy she was merely a listener on the occasion."

"I took it as a great compliment, I assure you. I forget who it is says it's one of the first points of good breeding to be an attentive listener—maybe it's lord Chesterfield. I always thought donna Olivia uncommonly well-bred. I dare say she has read lord Chesterfield's letters."

"Of

“Of ‘course,” returned Miss Danby; “there can be no such thing as politeness, where his work has not been read.”

“I think so too,” returned Wilkes: “I read it before I was ten years old.”

“So I concluded,” rejoined Miss Danby: “what a set of rude bears our unfortunate ancestors, who lived before those letters were published, must have been!”

“I dare say they were,” returned Wilkes with all imaginable seriousness, for he always took Miss Danby literally, and made it a point to agree in all she said, were it ever so extravagant—“I dare say they were.”

“Undoubtedly,” continued she; “and it’s a gross absurdity to speak of natural politeness.”

“You know,” said he, “there is a great prejudice against Chesterfield, and has been a great attempt to put him down.”

“Yes,” said she, “it is very true, and quite accounts for that wild theory of native elegance and natural politeness.

You

You might just as well expect a person without legs to dance a hornpipe, as one without Chesterfield to conduct himself like a gentleman."

"I always thought so," returned Wilkes, quite elated: "I'm sure I had all the letters off by heart before I was ten years old; and though I have not read a line of them since, I am sure I could repeat a great many passages. I remember the first letter begins——"

"Don't mind it now," said Miss Danby, "but call on me some morning soon, and repeat the two volumes for me; it will amuse me exceedingly."

"I have a good deal to do before we march," answered he; "but I'll contrive to manage to spend a few hours with you before we go."

"It will answer very well after the campaign," replied she: "you know you can give lessons to the Spanish peasants on your march, which will make you quite perfect before we meet."

Mrs.

Mrs. and Miss Fillagree were apparently very much hurt at Wilkes's not having staid with them during the evening. Miss Fillagree had received his attentions very graciously, and the least diminution of them seemed to pique her so much, that she could not conceal her vexation.

"Mr. Wilkes," said she, "I came over to beg you would give me back the pattern of the pink satin that I gave you, for I'm sure it will be too troublesome to you to try to match it. I'll give it to Mr. Delany, or major Macleod, or maybe Mr. Raymond. I dare say they'll contrive to find time to match it for me."

"I'm sure, my love," said Mrs. Fillagree, "they'll think themselves too happy in executing any little commission for you."

"I must have the pleasure of getting it for you myself," said Wilkes. "I assure you, so far from considering it a trouble,

trouble, it will be a great amusement to me to go about the shops."

"It will make a great variety," said Miss Danby; "when you are tired extracting balls, cutting off legs and arms, and trepanning fractured skulls, you can just unpin Miss Fillagree's pattern, which no doubt you will have pinned next your heart, and stroll about from shop to shop, and gaze on beautiful satin instead of horrible wounds."

"I'm sure, at any rate, I shall match it," said he, "somewhere or other."

"Don't trouble yourself, sir, I beg of you: if Miss Danby wants any sarcenet, or Persian, or satin, or any thing, I'm sure it will take up all your spare time."

"Enchanting!" whispered Miss Danby to me; "the pretty doll is actually jealous of me! This is a glorious circumstance, and must, by all means, be followed up."

"I declare," said Wilkes, "I think Mrs. Villiers's gown is just the colour of
your

your pink satin, and I'll run and try to find out where she got it."

The joy with which Wilkes uttered these words was soon however damped by a most petrifying look from Miss Filagree, who said—"You are too good, sir; Mrs. Villiers's gown is buff."

She said this with a degree of agitation that I thought she was incapable of feeling, and after a moment's pause added, while her colour rose, and the tears started into her eyes—"I dare say, I dare say, if Miss Danby had wanted to match pink satin you would have known that Mrs. Villiers's gown was buff—but it's no matter."

As she said this, she walked on with as much dignity as she could assume. She was soon followed by Wilkes, who by the most humble submission endeavoured to appease her anger. He soon succeeded, and was completely reinstated in her favour, and in a short time he was restored to the enviable privilege of matching

matching her satin, and her smiles and her dimples once more came into play.

“For goodness’ sake go to Miss Fairfield,” said Miss Danby; “I must not detain you longer, as one desperate fit of jealousy is enough for one evening. I have seen her look towards you several times.”

I soon availed myself of Miss Danby’s permission to leave her, which I had deferred till I saw her spirits considerably better than they had been the beginning of the evening. But from Marian’s jealousy I had little to dread — she was ever the same kind and gentle creature, in whom the angry passions appeared totally extinct. She had given me her entire confidence, and never, by withdrawing it for a moment from me, gave me reason to suspect she had repented of having bestowed it. The rest of the evening I passed in conversing with her, except while the Sandfords and Raymond engaged my attention.

Mrs.

Mrs. Villiers preserved the most determined silence towards me. She was evidently shewing off for the general, and before the evening was over, it was very palpable he could not give his attention for a single moment to any other person.

When we were parting, I promised the Fairfields that I would spend all the time with them which was not necessary for preparations for our march.

CHAPTER XIII.
////////

Bless'd be that spot, where cheerful guests retire,
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire !
Bless'd that abode where want and pain repair,
And ev'ry stranger finds a ready chair !
Bless'd be those feasts, with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good !

GOLDSMITH.

“ MUSHIA ! avourneen ! I wisht we wer'n't
to lave this place,” said Dermot, the
night before our march : “ troth, my
heart's heavy enough at the notion of
lavin the cratures, for they're civle and
frindly,

frindly, and have a great lainin to the Irish—and they shew their sinse: and for chapels! I never seen the likes of them—no, not in all Cork, nor in Dublin itself, which is, as one may say, the grandest and greatest place in all Ireland, and that, let me tell you, master Hinry, 's a bould word. If you were there, sure enough your eyes would be tired in your head, lookin at all the eusties—the very diamonds there are as plinty, ay, as plinty as the potaties! Such grand noblemen's sates! for all the world like some enchanted place, without a crature in them! Such nate farmers' cottages, clain and comfortable! Ogh! it does one's heart good to see the nice rick of hay, and the iligant stack of turf, and to see the gay fire blaisin, and the snug corner at it for the stranger—and the cratures themselves sittin round, takin an air of it, as happy as if their laps were haped up with golden guineas!—though maybe, poor things,

they have hardly a faggot to cover them ! Ah, master Hinry, you look fretted like —and no wonder, for she's as beautiful and as mild a young lady as ever I seen, and has a good word for every one and no more proud nor yourself ! It's a pity the crature's so puny ; but I'll ingage, when you're married to her, if you bring her to some of the grand Spas in Ireland, she'll come on like any thing."

I listened in silence to Dermot, for I was very sad, after having taken leave of Marian, and seen how much affected she was, although she endeavoured to appear as calm and composed as possible.

" Patrick O'Brien," continued Dermot, " was for two months lyin as wake as water, and such an impression about his heart, that no one thought he'd ever do a halfpennyworth of good, till Cicely Martin, that lived just forneant him, bid him take thrice sups of the water out of John's-well, every mornin, fastin, for nine mornins. As there was no harm
in

in tryin, and while there was life there was hope, Pat took her advice, and recovered, and lived to comb his grey hairs.—Wasn't that a wonderful cure, master Hinry?"

"Very wonderful!" returned I; "but don't you think four sups of the water would have answered as well?"

"Oh, by no manner of mains," replied Dermot, "master Hinry; three's a looky number. Cicely Martin was the best warrant I ever seen for curin the people; and so sign on't the ould and the young used to flock to her from every part; and she had such a power of herbs, and had such charms, that troth it came round to the doctors, and they wer'n't plased that she shoudn't be lavin them any patients; so they all set their faces again her, and used to be sayin how she'd poison all the people, and biddin them not, upon their peril, to go nigh her. But they knew better nor to believe all the doctors told them, for

how could she poison them with herbs? But they knew well enough that the doctors were mad jealous, because she knew how to mix the herbs, and would not call them by the hard out-of-the-way names that nobody can say but themselves; and had such oceans of charms, that they knew no more about than the child unborn. Oh, if Cicely was in the wars, doctor Wilkes might put his hands in his pocket; for it's she that could cure the worst of bruises, and cuts that would turn you pale to look at, with a few laves that she'd just be after chewin in her mouth; and there are min this day in Ireland walkin about upon legs that she cured, that the doctors would have had off before one could have said again it."

Notwithstanding Dermot's long and eloquent harangue in favour of Cicely's medical abilities, I felt no very ardent desire that she should be attached to the regiment, a wish that Dermot had more
than

than once before expressed, and often alluded to.

Though I knew Wilkes had certainly his follies, I believed they did not extend to the practice of his profession. I had heard he was skilful, and I knew he was certainly attentive and kind to the sick under his care ; and though his officiousness sometimes teased them, his constant activity and busy restlessness procured for them many comforts and indulgences, which they might have wanted had they been placed under the direction of a man whose thoughts were less employed about others ; in short, Wilkes was not only satisfied, but seemed to take a real pleasure in performing offices which would to others have proved disagreeable and irksome. Miss Danby often said—" Wilkes is ready to do every body's business, and, in fact, does all the dirty work of the regiment."

I looked on Marian's picture before I

retired to rest, and offered up a fervent prayer that I might soon have the happiness of beholding her again.

I believe I am not deficient in courage, and know that I felt an unbounded interest for the Spanish cause ; and yet I felt a degree of agitation at the idea of the approach of that time when I, who had never heard a shot fired in anger, was to stand before the enemy—perhaps to bring those talents forward, which colonel Sandford had told me I so assuredly possessed, or never to return.

Melancholy scenes presented themselves to my mind. I pictured my dear mother, deprived of her only near relation, and her sole consolation. I thought I saw her, walking slowly and dejectedly over those grounds where she had so often stood to witness my infant sports, and that I had afterwards assisted her to improve. I imagined her pausing at every tree which I had planted, and saying
ing

ing "he planted it," and weeping. I shed tears, as if all my imagination conjured up was sad reality.

Marian too appeared before me, still paler than when I took leave of her—her delicate frame almost exhausted by the shock she had received.

"It cannot be!" said I, starting, "it cannot be!" and with that happy facility of turning all to visions of hope, that so peculiarly belongs to love, I reversed the picture, and supposed myself returned, after a successful campaign, in which I had most particularly distinguished myself, to the arms of my mother, and her I loved. Such happy prospects opened to my view, that it was long ere I could compose myself. . .

I was wakened by Dermot, who told me Mr. Raymond had called to go along with me to the place from which the regiment was to march. I was up and dressed in a few minutes, and was ready to proceed.

I felt hurt that Raymond should be so much more upon the alert than I was, and thought he had called on me that I might perceive it.

“It is very strange,” said I, mentally, “that he is ever taking an opportunity, in the merest trifles, of displaying his real or supposed superiority over me.”

“I have something very particular to say to you,” said Wilkes, when I arrived at the place where the regiment was to be drawn up; “if you’ll just come aside, I’ll tell you.—Do you know, the colonel has taken the greatest fancy to Mr. Raymond; I think it’s rather odd, after such a very short acquaintance, that he should like him so well. Mr. Raymond seems quite anxious to please him. Do you know, the officers think it very unfair of the colonel—So do I too.”

“Oh, if we do our duty,” returned I, much piqued, “if we do our duty, we need not care who is taken a fancy to.”

“I’m sure I don’t care,” rejoined Wilkes;

Wilkes; "only it's not pleasant that he should be a greater favourite than people who have been for long and many a day in the regiment."

"Certainly not," said I.

"Besides," added he, "nobody likes the idea of their commanding officer's being twisted round the finger of a young man, who never as much as saw an action during the course of his life."

"Colonel Osborne," returned I, "I am sure, knows too much of his duty, to suffer himself to be influenced by any one who serves under him."

"That's just what I think too," said Wilkes; "but that's no reason why a person should try to gain that influence over him—it's what I never did, intimate as I have been with him, and kind and attentive as both he and Mrs. Osborne have been to me."

"I am sure," said I, "*at least I believe*, Raymond incapable of such mean artifice."

“ So I told Delany, and Mullins, and Sedly, when they mentioned it,” said he; “ and they bid me say nothing of their suspicions to any one, and that we would see.”

“ You should not have mentioned it to me then,” said I.

“ I didn’t tell any one else,” returned he; “ and indeed I wouldn’t have spoken of it to you, but that I knew he was your most particular friend, and that you felt an interest in every thing about him.”

Though I was vexed at what Wilkes told me, I could scarcely help smiling at the reason which he gave for telling me what he had heard to the disadvantage of Raymond, and the facility with which he changed his opinion every moment.

“ But,” said he, pulling me by the sleeve, and whispering with an air of the greatest mystery, “ we all think it very odd his having left his own regiment, and come into this.”

“ He

“He told me,” said I, “that he was anxious to be on service.”

“I believe,” continued he, “colonel Sandford managed it for him; but at any rate, there are very odd things said about him—not that I say they are true. I think it wasn’t sensible of him to get acquainted with the C——s; they are generally thought to be very fond of the French—But Heaven knows!—maybe that had no influence on him—I don’t think it could upon me; but, at all events, *I* should never have got acquainted with them.”

I had not time to reply to Wilkes, as colonel Osborne and all the officers and soldiers were now come out, and we all went to our respective companies.

Though I gave no credit to what Wilkes said, it certainly made some impression on me—I could not tell why.

The whole regiment appeared elated at the prospect of being at length brought before the enemy, and marched under
the

the greatest general this or any other country ever produced. Every one congratulated himself on his good fortune in serving under a commander of so much gallantry, and such brilliant genius.

CHAPTER XIV.

————— I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes.

— — — — —
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it.

SHAKESPEARE.

Now my unlucky stars began to busy themselves, or rather I should say, my evil propensities were set to work by a thousand different circumstances—separated from Marian, whose presence had influenced me so far as to prevent my giving way at least, to any of the base sentiments which sprung in my mind, if it did not teach me to conquer them.

them. Her conversation, so just and so Christian-like, which gave me the wish, though not the power, to resemble her in mild forbearance and self-command, was withdrawn, and I was now completely left to follow the bent of my own disposition.

The first day of our march my mind was so much occupied by Marian, recalling every look and every word on which I had so fondly dwelt while paying her my parting visit, that most certainly I did think of little else. The next day I was pretty much in the same mood, but was completely roused by Raymond's asking me why I looked so grave, and seemed so abstracted?

"I assure you," said I, while I felt the blood rush to my face, "I assure you I am under no apprehension—I believe that I am as well prepared as any one in the regiment for action."

"Certain I am of that," returned Raymond, "most certain; and I should not have

have spoken to you about your seriousness, but that some of the officers remarked it, and I was so certain that it was merely owing to accident, that I determined to mention it to you, that you might cheer up."

"Cheer up!" interrupted I; "so then you have all had, no doubt, the goodness to set down a little thoughtfulness to the place of cowardice? I cannot but feel most grateful."

For the remainder of the day I exerted myself in a manner that even surprised myself. Raymond was all spirits and activity, and I was determined that I would, if possible, surpass him. When the day's march was over, we received our colonel's thanks for having kept the men in such excellent spirits, and shewn such an example of alacrity throughout the whole day. Raymond seemed in an ecstasy; I too was pleased, but it was not entire satisfaction which I felt—the compliment had lost half its value, as it
had

had been equally addressed to Raymond; and the vexation this occasioned me exhausted my spirits as much as the long march did my body. I was so much with my mother, that I had not been in the habit of that constant exercise which most young men are accustomed to. Raymond frequently made pedestrian excursions into Wales, and would be absent for weeks; and I think I never met with a person who walked better, or seemed to suffer so little from fatigue. Here he had a decided advantage over me, and I felt conscious of it, particularly when, after a short sleep, we resumed our operations at the first dawn of the next morning, he appeared refreshed, and his spirits, if possible, more exhilarated than before; I felt myself little rested, and the spirits which I exerted were all assumed. Raymond soon left me far behind in the efforts which we made to set an example to the officers and men. By some pleasantry he was constantly
exciting

exciting a laugh, or elevating the courage of those with whom he conversed by some anecdote of heroism. I saw that all to whom he spoke listened to him with a degree of interest that I believed no one else in the world was capable of exciting. His manners were so peculiarly conciliating, that the very peasantry with whom he communicated in the villages through which we passed were immediately captivated by him. He spoke Spanish and Portuguese so well, that I blushed when I recollected we had begun to study these languages at the same time. I felt mortified beyond measure at seeing his superiority over me so evident to the whole regiment: the instances of valour which I wished to recount, I found he had anticipated—in fact, I felt as if he had left me nothing to say. I was conscious that my attempts at pleasantry were dull and flat beyond conception; nobody laughed at them, and even I myself could not
force

force a smile. Once or twice I had the mortification of thinking that Alexander Danby was ridiculing me: this I would not have borne, but soon had reason to believe that the idea had no foundation but in my imagination.

Wilkes was constantly coming over to me, and repeating—"What a charming creature your friend Mr. Raymond is! he is uncommonly clever and agreeable! The colonel distinguishes him greatly—I heard him say he would introduce him to our commander; I think he ought to introduce some of the other officers—I don't think it quite fair: however, he's very useful on a march; Mr. Biggs says he speaks Spanish like a native."

"Mr. Biggs," returned I, "I am sure, knows little about the matter."

"So I heard Miss Danby say," returned Wilkes; "I am sure he does not understand it well. I dare say, Mr. Raymond has only a smattering of the language, but
a little,

a little; you know, passes for a great deal among us who know nothing about it."

"Pardon me," exclaimed I—"I speak Spanish and Portuguese tolerably well, and understand them perfectly—that is, I am sure, as well as Mr. Raymond."

"It is no wonder," said Wilkes, "that he should understand Spanish well, he was so much with the family of C——s. I think it wasn't sensible of him; indeed it was greatly remarked."

"Mr. Raymond is positively one of the vera best laddies on a march I ever ken'd," said major Macleod to me; "he is as hardy, and as auctive, and as blyth-some, as gin he had been born and bred in the Highlands: he'll mack a very fine soldier, and a maist excellent officer."

"He is a darling fellow," said Delany, clapping his hands; "he'll keep the whole regiment alive. I'm so glad he has got among us—I foresee that he and I shall have many a laugh together."

Almost all my brother-officers in turn
praised

praised Raymond to the most extravagant degree to me, and I felt my patience nearly exhausted in being obliged to listen to, and even, as well as I was able, join in the subject which was to me the most mortifying in the world. What perhaps served more than any thing to increase my vexation on the occasion were the sentiments which Dermot continually expressed.—“ Mr. Raymond is very good to be sure, and mighty well spoken; but if it had been the same to him, I’d have been better plased, and a *great dale* better plased, if he had staid at home with his own people. Sure he didn’t want to make his fortune like us, for he has plinty. More’s the pity that you, master Hinry, haven’t it yourself, and I’ll be bound we’d never have left the mistis. I don’t know what the officers and soldiers main by bein so newfangled after Mr. Raymond: though he’s a good crature, I think they could find better nor him—
him

him that has a good drop of Irish blood at his heart. Ohone! if we had had the look to get into an Irish regiment, it wouldn't have been this way—they know the differ; but the English are all so much after aich other, that sorrow an Irishman gets his due."

"I think, Dermot, they all seem very fond of you," said I.

"Oh, fond enough of me," returned he; "but that's not what I'm lookin for, for they trate me well enough; but I want to see you respicted as one come of the O'Callaghans ought to be respicted—and so you were, sure enough, before Mr. Raymond come to us; the min would never be tired spakin about you, and the gintlemin all seemed proud of your noticing them. I'm sure I don't main to say that Mr. Raymond *palavers* the min, but somehow he has got round them, and I never can coax a word from them now but about Mr. Raymond himself: but that itself I don't think so bad of,

of, as the colonel makin so much of him—he that used to be talkin of you, for-neant even the sarvants. If Mr. Raymond was a stranger, it wouldn't hurt me so much, but a gentleman that we know best of anybody in the wide world almost, to come and to take all our friends in the regiment from us."

I listened to Dermot with a degree of chagrin which I should in vain attempt to describe: I did not reflect that no creature in the world could be so much alive to the interest or honour of another as Dermot was to mine, or be more quickly or easily fired at the least want of respect, or supposed want of respect, to his native country, or any person connected with it in the most distant manner. Afterwards, when I took a retrospective view of all that had passed, these truths flashed across my mind, and I accused myself of the most unaccountable weakness for having yielded myself up to the sensations his
long

long•harangues on the subject of Raymond's popularity never failed to produce.

N O T E S.

NOTES.

“ They now began to associate more with the inhabitants of Lisbon.” Page 21.

It is remarked by all the valetudinarians who have resorted thither of late years, that the people in general are averse from society; which some, not thoroughly acquainted with the national character, have erroneously attributed to an antipathy to strangers. Whatever society exists among the natives of Lisbon is chiefly confined to the nobility; between whom and the other classes, policy, or custom, or a mistaken idea of true honour, has drawn a line of separation. There are some, however, who disdain to be circumscribed by such narrow bounds, and are

no strangers to the free exercise of hospitality.

“On all public occasions, either at home or abroad, the nobility affect a great display of pomp, mixed with gravity; and hence they are reputed vain, presumptuous, and proud, which gave occasion to Gratian to remark—

‘How illustrious would they be,
If bloated not with vanity!’

“But the learned Feijó has observed, that ‘all this pompousness is merely the result of a sprightly imagination. The urbanity and politeness with which they treat every person are incompatible with that haughty and imperious arrogance attributed to them. They are valuable friends to such as solicit their patronage, and have been always esteemed for acts of benevolence.’—‘For my part,’ says Guevara, in one of his epistles, ‘I think the Portuguese nobility are cautious in their actions and pointed in their words.’”

Among the middling and subordinate ranks, the females especially, there is very little intercourse, except fortuitous meetings in the churches
and

and streets. Every class of tradesmen has a distinct oratory, supported by the voluntary contributions of their society: here they assemble every evening, before supper, to chaunt vespers. They rarely visit each other's houses but on particular occasions, as weddings and christenings; and then they entertain very sumptuously, or rather satiate with profusion.

Jealousy, and an innate disposition to secrecy, are assigned as the chief causes of this separation. They hold it as a maxim, that he who talks least thinks best; and that the most perfect man is not he who has most good qualities, but fewest bad ones. Pride might also operate, as they wish not to shew their apartments, no more than their wives and daughters, unless they be arrayed in their best attire.

Yet, however we may regret the many innocent enjoyments of which the females are thus deprived, their seclusion is productive of much domestic felicity. Their bland and simple manners are not liable to be corrupted, nor their attachments dissipated by an extensive communica-

tion with the world. The fond husband, thus solaced, is happy, supremely happy, in the society of a virtuous partner, whose sole affection is concentrated within the narrow circle of her family.

As to their persons in general, the women are rather below than above the middle stature, but graceful and beautiful. No females are less studious of enhancing their attractions by artificial means, or counterfeiting, by paltry arts, the charms that nature has withheld. To the most regular features, they add a sprightly disposition and captivating carriage. The round face and full-fed form are more esteemed in this country than the long tapering visage and thin delicate frame.

The foreign merchants are particularly hospitable and attentive to strangers, who would otherwise be much at a loss, as the higher ranks in Portugal are little inclined to associate even with each other. This may, in some degree, be accounted for by the extreme indolence which forms a prominent feature in the character of this nation,

tion, and is repugnant to the laws of polished society.

The Portuguese are more superstitious than the inhabitants of any other Catholic country, and are remarkably fond of all religious processions and ceremonies. Few houses are without a private chapel, in which mass is celebrated at least once a-day; hence the incredible number of the clergy. Every family has a confessor, who not only takes care of their spiritual concerns, but the domestic arrangements also are often under his control.

No people in the world are more docile and submissive to the order of their magistrates and superiors; and this ready obedience was found of the greatest consequence, as facilitating, in many instances, the operations of the campaign.

They are remarkably sober, and seldom indulge in any excess. The men, wrapped up in long cloaks at all seasons, amuse themselves for hours in looking out of the windows, while the women are actively employed in attending to their household concerns.

In their demeanour towards strangers and each other they are extremely courteous, and it is no uncommon thing to see peasants conversing with their heads uncovered, in token of natural respect.

The Portuguese have always been considered the most jealous nation in the world, and not without reason ; for they keep their wives in the greatest restraint, which treatment is sure to produce aversion and disgust. In general, the women of this country have a decent and most respectable carriage, and there is nothing in their exterior appearance to proclaim the least impropriety of conduct ; yet it is well known, they make amends for the tyranny of their husbands, by occasionally listening without scruple to the vows of a lover.

“ The Portuguese are a most vindictive people.”

Page 76.

A circumstance occurred in one of the mountain villages, that strongly marked the exasperated

rated feelings of the Portuguese people, and proved how well founded were the apprehensions of the enemy on that account :—Exhausted with extreme cold and fatigue, a French soldier got into one of the large ovens (which still retained some heat), and was discovered in that situation by a peasant, after the corps to which he belonged had marched, who left the house without awakening the unfortunate soldier, and, in the street, met captain Todd, of the staff corps, to whom he expressed great anxiety that he should accompany him, a request immediately complied with, and, to his astonishment, the soldier was drawn from his extraordinary retreat, and stabbed by the peasant before captain Todd had time to intercede for his life. Had this act been committed unseen, half the satisfaction would have been lost : but to have it in his power to shew a British officer that he had put a French soldier to death, appeared a great instance of good fortune.

“ And the P——s a most powerful family.”

Page 76.

The intermediate class between the nobility and merchants is composed of men of small independent property in lands or houses, derived from their fathers, or purchased with the fruits of their own industry in the capacity of merchants or factors, or by their economy whilst in office under government. These are the *gentlemen* of Portugal. Comparatively speaking, they are few in number, but their virtues are many : protectors of the poor, benevolent and humane citizens of the world—men who, whilst they enlighten the nation by their talents, and pursue its most substantial interest, are the most ready and able to protect and maintain its rights.

There is one class of people here, than whom, perhaps, few nations can produce a more inoffensive and industrious, and at the same time a more degraded and oppressed ; these are “ the pillars of the state,” the peasantry, who are kept in a
state

state of vassalage by a band of petty tyrants, assuming the title of Fidalgos*.

Among those to whom this title properly appertains, there are undoubtedly many who have a just claim to honour and respect—not from the antiquated immunities of feudal times, but from their personal virtues. We entirely separate them from the ignorant, intolerant wretches, who grind the face of the poor, and depopulate the land.

Indeed, I am informed by a Portuguese gentleman of very high rank, who sincerely deplores the wretched state of the peasantry of his country, that the chief part of their miseries is owing, not to government but to these gentry. I know not how to give the reader a just idea of them :
by

* Fidalgo, a gentleman, one nobly descended. From the Portuguese word *filho*, a son, and the Spanish *algo*, something ; that is, the son of something, or a son to whom his father had something to leave, viz. an honour and estate ; thence, for shortness, called *fidalgo*. VIEYRA.

by privilege they are gentlemen, in manners clowns; beggars in fortune, monarchs in pride; too contemptible for the notice of the sovereign, to excite the jealousy of the nobles they are too weak; but too strong for the peasantry, from whom they exact adoration. They are to be seen in every town, in every village and hamlet, wrapt up to the eyes in capots, brooding over their imaginary importance. The industrious husbandman must not address them but on his knees. His fate, and that of his family, are at their mercy. On the most trivial pretence, they cite him to the court of the next *camarca*, or shire. The wretched farmer in vain attempts to justify himself, and after exhausting his resources to fee lawyers, he is sure to be cast at the end of a tedious and vexatious suit. His property is then seized upon, even to his very implements; and if it be not found sufficient to answer all demands, he is doomed to perish in a prison. Many industrious families have been thus annihilated, and others, apprehensive of sharing the same fate, have forsaken their lands, and often the kingdom,

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dom, to seek protection in the colonies.—*Murphy's View of Portugal.*

“ *Every one congratulated himself on serving under a commander of so much gallantry, and such brilliant genius.*” Page 182.

The general feeling, or at least a feeling so general as to be in the highest degree dangerous, was in the worst state when sir Arthur Wellesley landed a second time in Portugal and took the command—but happily for himself, his country, and the world, his heart was sound, and his understanding neither dazzled by the successes of the French, nor doped by the shallow or factious sophists who represented them as invincible. Happily too he was no longer subject to the direction of inferior minds, and his heart and understanding had now their full scope. *From that hour* every operation of the British army tended to give the troops and the nation fresh confidence in their general, and to impress upon the enemy
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a proper sense of the British character. Whenever he met the French he defeated them ; whenever he found it necessary to return for want of numbers, or of food, or of co-operation in the Spaniards, it was in such order, and so leisurely, as neither to raise the hopes of the enemy, nor abate those of his army, or of his allies. After the battle of Talavera, and the series of provoking misconduct by which the effect of that memorable victory was dissipated, he distinctly perceived the course which the enemy would pursue, and anticipating all their temporary advantages (which yet he omitted no occasion of opposing and impeding), he saw and determined how and where the vital struggle must be made. The foresight of a general was never more admirably displayed, nor more nobly justified ; and if there be one place in the peninsula more appropriate than another for a monument to that leader whose trophies are found throughout the whole, it is in the lines of Torres Vedras that a monument to lord Wellington should be erected.

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When he took his stand there, Lisbon was not the only stake of that awful contest—the fate of Europe was in suspense; and they who, like Homer, could see the balance in the hand of Jupiter, might then have perceived that the fortunes of France were found wanting in the scale. There the spell which bound the nations was broken; the plans of the tyrant were baffled; his utmost exertions, when he had no other foe and no other object, were defied; his armies were beaten; and Europe, taking heart when she beheld the deliverance of Portugal, began to make a movement for her own: that spirit by which alone her deliverance could be effected was excited, and the good cause continued to advance and prosper till Paris was taken, and the tyrant before whom the world had trembled was glad to capitulate for an ignominious retreat, and to escape the vengeance of the French people in disguise. If any thing seemed wanting to the triumph of Wellington and England, it was, that the British flag which had led the way into France should have entered Paris also: and, complete

as the triumph was, it was scarcely possible not to feel something like regret that it had not thus been consummated. Who could then have apprehended that this consummation was only for a short time deferred ?

END OF VOL. II.

